JULY 6, 1935

Liberty

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ECONOMIC DISASTER CAN BRING US COMMUNISM

STIMULATED by the vitalizing spirit of Democracy, we have built up a great nation. Commercially we have gone far beyond the countries of Europe. Here we have the encouragement of individual genius, the enthusiasm aroused by the realization that we are free men, that we are masters of our own destiny.

And as we look back upon our miraculous national record, our people are inclined to laugh at the idea that the rigid rules of Communistic Russia may guide us at some time in the future.

But there is one situation that might bring Communism to this country.

Our government is spending huge sums of money. We hear so much talk about the dangers of printed-money inflation, and yet every billion dollars borrowed by this government adds to credit inflation, which, besides the amount borrowed, brings added liabilities in millions of annual interest.

Everybody seems to be fearful that if the government once starts to print money, the amount will be limitless. But the government is printing money at the present time, and it doubtless has the authority to print whatever is considered necessary.

The expenses of our present government are vastly exceeding its income. The President asked for and received nearly five billion dollars to be spent for work relief. In addition to that there will probably be one or two billion spent in excess of our income this year.

We have been promised a balanced budget during 1936. But the difficulties facing such an accomplishment are monumental.

Now suppose government spending should continue and increase materially, and suppose there is no letup in years to come—a gradually mounting national debt until it assumes monumental proportions: the value of our currency would then gradually decrease and its buying power would rapidly decline.

We may be classed as a financial Hercules at this time, but expenditures can grow to such enormous proportions as to threaten national bankruptcy. We may then have experiences similar to those of Russia and Germany—our money will be worthless and the millions of people now being supported with government money will be turned into howling, hungry mobs, searching for food wherever they can find it; stores will be pillaged; lawlessness rampant; wild and reckless marauders will be upon us.

It has been said that we are only a few meals from savagery. And when our millions of charity wards can no longer obtain food and clothing, every man will become a law unto himself.

And it has been stated that the Communistic horde which has come here from Russia is waiting and praying for that particular calamity to happen to this country; that they are already prepared for this situation; that they are perfectly organized with a view to taking over our government in such an emergency.

But the huge financial resources of this nation should be able to tide over every emergency. The tragical situation which the Communists hope for should never appear. There are too many level-headed citizens in this country to let governmental spending mount to such colossal proportions.

Our per capita indebtedness is still far below that of England, and we should be capable of standing any strain that might result from almost any kind of governmental mistakes.

But it is certainly not advisable for us to blind ourselves entirely to the enemies of our governmental system. We should not entirely ignore such possible dangers.

And we should continue our demand for a balanced budget and more attention to the reduction of governmental expenses.

Our legislators are now giving a large part of their time to devising new methods of increasing taxes and but little or no attention to what is far more important—that is to say, decreasing governmental expenditures.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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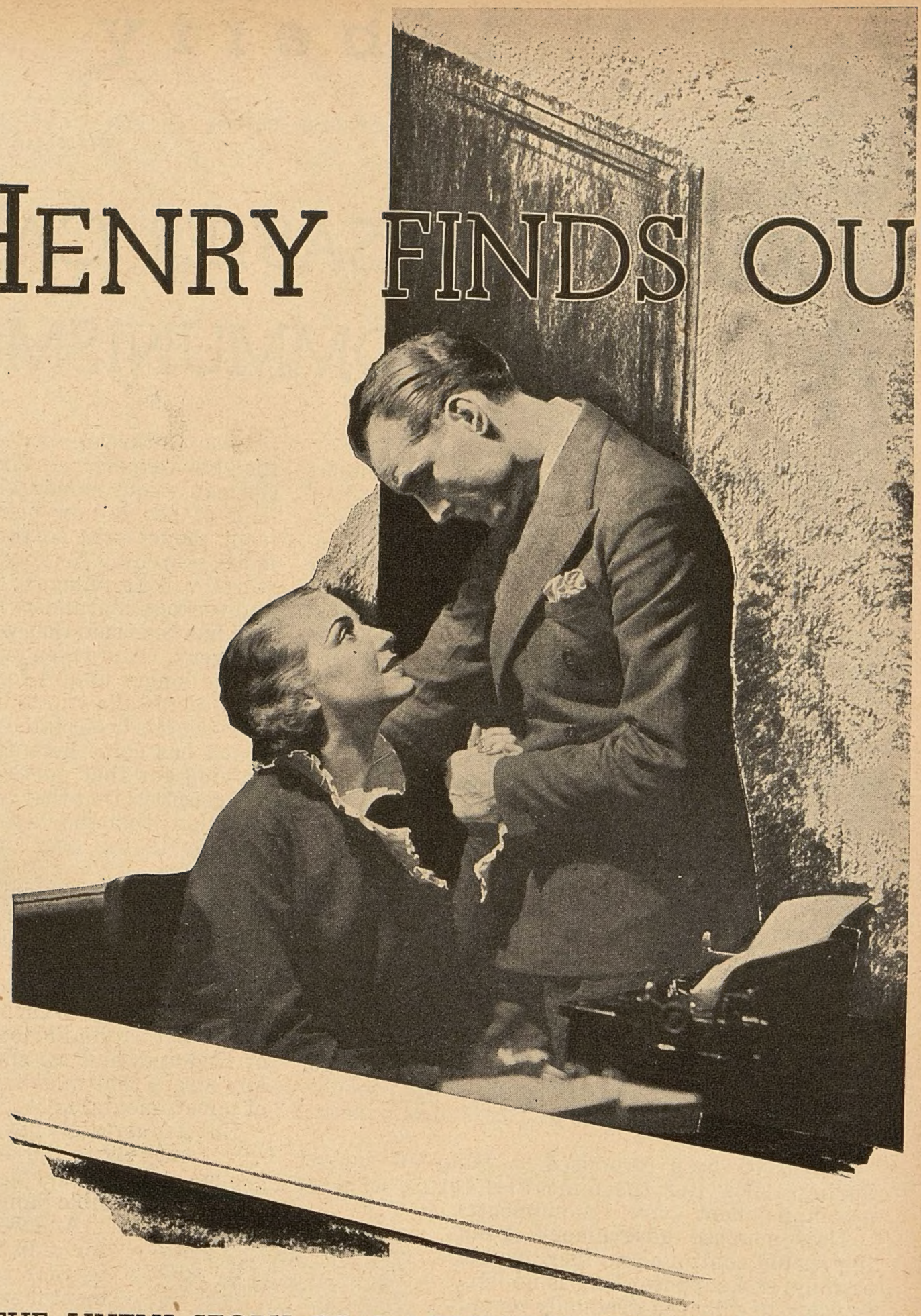
HENRY FINDS OUT



ILLUSTRATIONS BY
J. HENRY

"I thought you liked blondes," she said.

THE LIVELY STORY OF A MISGUIDED YOUNG MAN WHO TRIED TO RUN AWAY FROM LOVE

by ELIZABETH DUNN

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

HENRY WICKWIRE POLK, famous archaeologist and explorer, sat on a hard chair in the Bluefield Employment Agency and looked at the straight and efficient back of the girl who seemed to be in charge. She was typing a letter. She had a rather beautiful neck and he had been looking at it for the past five minutes and he had business to do. In fact he wanted to hire a cook—at once.

Henry lit a cigarette and smiled sardonically. In any place but Bluefield the girl would have dropped everything to take care of Henry Polk—no one ever kept him waiting except in Bluefield, whose calm never failed to amuse him. For six months of the year he was fitting out for expeditions, sweating in Central American forests, and returning, burnt black, to civilization, to be made much of—interviews, speeches, banquets, the press.

Then every April Henry came home to Bluefield, to

ABOUT *Blondes*

find his return from tropical adventure taken as completely for granted by the town as though he were a commuter home for the week end.

Even so, he was always glad to be back. He liked the quiet Connecticut woods after the heavy green of hot forests. He always looked forward to being greeted as an old friend returned, even though his friends were never very definitely aware of where he had been or what he had been doing. They gave him advice, gently but firmly, about everything. If they had known, for instance, that he needed a cook, every woman in town would have been trying to find one for him. He thanked his luck that he was spared them now. The way to hire a cook, he told himself, is the way you select a coolie—quickly, quietly, decisively, the whole transaction over in a couple of minutes; that is, it would be if this woman would pay some attention to him.

"This chair," Henry suggested to her back, "is damned uncomfortable."

She turned quickly and laughed. "I'm so sorry; I'll be through in just a second."

Henry stared at her. "Why, Freddie Bacon!" he cried. "You've grown up, haven't you? It seems unbelievable. You were such a crazy kid!"

She smiled. "You haven't changed at all," she said and returned to her typewriter.

She was prettier than he had remembered her when she was a thin, wild-haired, excessively annoying hoyden of seventeen or so. He moved his chair a bit so that he could see her. Those enormous hazel eyes gave her face its mysterious quality. Or it might be the modeling of her nose and chin which reminded him of the archaic carvings he had found on Mayan pyramids.

She looked up and smiled. "You mustn't stare, Henry, even if you are surprised I've turned out so well."

"Sorry," Henry said coolly. "I was wondering whether you really had turned out well—you used to be rather a brat, you know."

The expression in her eyes was unreadable. Henry decided abruptly on the fatherly-interest tack.

"And what are you doing here?" he asked. "Thought you were dazzling the city."

"I decided I didn't like cities to live in." She paused. "So I came back. I understand you've been digging up South America and growing beards?"

Henry smiled tolerantly. At least she was aware of his achievements.

"I grow one in three weeks, so that's not much of a feat," he said modestly.

"Not really?" Freddie was wide-eyed. "And not married?"

"No. I only like dumb blondes." Henry grinned at her. "I couldn't stand one for life, but I like 'em."

"You know," Freddie said, with her charming smile, "I used to be madly in love with you when I was a kid and you were old—thirty or something. But you were very hoity-toity to me, and I can't be a blonde, even for you. Are you looking for a job as a part-time gardener, or

Selma looked up from the stove with the smile of a trained nurse for a patient.

are you that rare and beautiful thing, an employer?"

"I'm rare and beautiful—I want a cook."

"You—a cook?" Freddie opened her eyes. "Thought you had a marvelous Jap and were the most famous host in America. Everybody talks about your parties."

"I have a Jap. He's on a vacation," Henry said. "He'll be gone for six weeks." He felt for some reason ridiculously young and a little foolish, and he resented it.

"Perhaps I can help you," Freddie said. "'Home Town Girl Makes Good with Famous Celebrity.' What kind of a cook do you want?" There was a gleam of amusement in her eyes, and Henry stiffened.

"I want a clean, honest, reliable woman," he said coldly. "That shouldn't be too hard."

"Must she," Freddie suggested gently, "be blonde?"

"I don't care if she's an albino," Henry said shortly.

"I can have two women in here tomorrow morning—"

"Oh, no," Henry said suddenly. He'd show this girl once and for all who he was. "No, no. I don't interview servants; I simply hire them. I've told you exactly what I want. Now it's up to you to do the rest."

Freddie gazed at him for a moment. Then she said pleasantly, "Do you want her to do the marketing?"

"Of course," he said quickly. He rose.

"And I suppose your old John will drive her into the village?"

"Why—yes."

"And about the laundry?"

"Laundry?" Henry repeated blankly.

"Does she have to do it?"

"Oh, no, no," Henry said airily. "It goes out. I never—"

"Days out?" inquired Freddie briskly. Henry's stomach contracted sharply. Days out! Ishy had never gone out.

"Whatever's usual," he said, choking a little.

"Wages?" Henry, feeling as though he were being rapidly backed against a very high wall, told her.

"Uniforms?"

"Oh," he said desperately, "yes; yes indeed."

"I mean," Freddie said with an air of tactful patience, "do you provide them or do you expect her to?"

"Oh, well, I expect her to, of course," Henry said, waving his cigarette.

Freddie, with an expressionless face, made a note. Henry felt a qualm and disliked the sensation.

"I never provide uniforms," he said firmly.

"Some people don't," Freddie remarked. Henry glanced at her sharply.

"Selma Davissen will be at your house at nine tomorrow morning," she told him.

"Er—thanks," said Henry. "Did—did you say Selma?"

Freddie nodded.

"Hm-m-m," said Henry judicially. "Very well. Thank you, Freddie. Nice to have seen you."

"Good-by," said Freddie sweetly. "Sorry I'm a brunette."

HENRY walked jauntily out of the shop, and halfway down Main Street was attacked by a buzzing suspicion. There is no more wasplike annoyance than the fear that one has perhaps made a fool of oneself. Resolutely he squashed the fear. He had been perhaps a little sweeping, but that young Bacon creature needed a lesson.

On the dot of nine the next morning Henry opened his door to find a large yellow-haired lady upon his doorstep, beaming with the morning sun.

"Ah, Selma? Good morning," he said with what he felt to be exactly the right combination of dignity and kindness.

Selma responded instantly.

"Goot morning, Mr. Pook," she shouted cordially and advanced into the house. "Ah, dees place I am going to like—"

"Well, I hope so," Henry said, backing. "Now I hope you're clean and honest and cheerful. I'm sure you are, eh?"

Selma gave a shout of laughter which echoed to Bassett's Pond. "Sure! I like you—you like me. You show me my room?"

Henry returned to the porch a little shaken. He tried to put the picture of Freddie's eyes, gleaming with amusement, out of his mind. But he sat for half an hour on the porch listening to Selma producing dull crashing sounds from within, and he was not particularly happy.

The telephone bell was a sudden relief. It was the gay voice of Kitten Standish.

"Henry—hello! It's so marvelous you're home again! Rod says he saw you in the train and you looked magnificent. How about dinner tonight?"

"Splendid!" cried Henry. "What time?"

"Seven thirty. And listen to me," Kitten said. "Philippa Pratt is visiting us. She's back, you know—from Reno. And, Henry, please don't marry her, because I couldn't bear it. She's a beautiful blonde—it would be so suitable."

Henry gave a yell of delight.

"Damn," remarked Kitten with feeling. "I wish I hadn't asked you. Good-by."

Henry left the telephone lightheartedly and departed for his study. He really must get to work. His new discoveries, taken in relation to those at Quen Santo, had, he was certain, a definite bearing on the Mayan calendar. There were some stelae which he was convinced threw more light on the question of Venus and the moon.

THE afternoon grew stiller and warmer. Henry's typewriter clacked and he sucked his pipe concentratedly. He must finish this set of notes by six o'clock. . . .

A hideous explosion rent the stillness. Henry made wildly for the kitchen.

Selma looked up from the stove, as he burst in, with the too bright smile of a trained nurse for a nervous patient.

"You hear noise?" she suggested complacently. "I find vas *gas* stove."

"Good Lord! Did you hurt yourself?"

"Oh, no!" said Selma. "You like applesauce? I make some."

Back at his typewriter, a sentence hung desperately waiting to be rescued.

"The difficulty in reconciling the fact—"

Selma's head shot into the room like a cuckoo from a clock.

"Ha!" she cried. "Haf you got right time?"

"Three twenty," he told her.

The stillness enveloped him again, broken only by the stutter of his typing.

"The stelae on this particular temple—"

"Ha!" came the shout behind him. "You got time now?"

Henry twisted round and stared coldly. "A quarter to four."

He turned back and fell to separating L and K, which had somehow got into a clinch.

"—were of the greatest interest, suggesting as they did—"

A sudden shout tore at Henry's nerves.

"Time now?"

Henry whipped around. "What's the matter with you?" he demanded in a terrible voice. "Why don't you use the kitchen clock?"

"Kitchen clock ten minutes slow. I'm make applesauce," Selma explained reasonably.

"But if you know it's ten minutes slow—" he began, feeling madness descending on him.

"I'm make applesauce," Selma repeated mildly.

Henry tore the sheet from his typewriter. "It's four ten. I'm going out," he announced grimly.

"You want some applesauce?" Selma offered cordially.

Her employer shouted an unintelligible word and was gone.

It was not until four hours later that equanimity returned to him with one of Rod Standish's famous Bacardi cocktails. As peace stole back upon his soul he gradually became aware that the Standish living room was a charming place filled with delightful people. Kitten's red head glowed against the white mantelpiece. Rod, shaker in hand, talked to pretty Cynthia Hackett. There was a young man named Mike Something; a nice brownish young man, altogether acceptable. And beside Henry, a

fragile golden-haired portrait in pastels, sat Philippa Pratt.

A few minutes ago the only fly in Henry's ointment had been the presence, across the room, of Freddie Bacon. But now, sipping his cocktail and looking more closely at Mrs. Pratt, Henry decided that it made absolutely no difference to him whether Freddie was there or not. A girl he didn't especially like—that was what she was. Silly to be bothered by her.

He spared a glance for her. She wore a long cobwebby yellow dress which was, Henry admitted generously, becoming.

Mrs. Pratt raised her blue eyes to Henry's.

"Do you know," she said, "I was sure that you'd be a great big insensitive brute. But you aren't, are you?"

"I'm entirely unimaginative and utterly insensitive," he told her. "No one could help liking me. Where were you last year?"

"I was in Reno. If I'd known the attractions of the South I'd have gone to Mexico instead."

Henry lit a cigarette for her with a smile. In spite of her vermilion fingernails, this was the type of blonde he enjoyed most.

"I've got a question," she said, "that I've been dying to ask you. Please tell me, Mr. Polk, what did the Mayans *look* like?"

Henry twisted a little in his chair. "They were short dark men with beards," he said automatically. "Now I want to ask *you* something—"

"Speaking of beards, Pippa!" Kitten cried suddenly from across the room. "You ought to see Henry in his beard! My dear!"

Every one laughed and Rod said, "As a matter of fact, Pippa, you'd have the vapors. He looks like a broken mattress."

Cynthia said, "When he comes down Main Street he looks like Burnham Wood!"

"And," said Freddie unexpectedly from across the room, "it only takes him three weeks to grow it. It's that damp heat he's in so much. You get a sort of lush growth, don't you, Henry? Or is it only virility?"

Henry felt himself blushing idiotically. He was used to this unmerciful kidding—he recognized it as an expression of affection—yet tonight he could have done without it.

"Darling Henry," Kitten went on gaily, "do tell us how you're managing without Ishikuro to take care of you. We've all been worrying."

Henry rashly seized what seemed his golden opportunity. "Why should you worry?" he demanded. "I don't believe in the servant problem. I have the Queen Christina of cooks. Name of Selma."

"Oh," Freddie said, "then you *do* like her? I was afraid you were being a little casual."

"Casual?" Kitten cried. "Henry casual? What do you mean?"

"IT was only," Freddie explained blandly, "that I thought perhaps he really ought to interview her first instead of leaving it all to me."

"Leave it all to Freddie! Henry, my pet, how trusting of you—"

"I never bother with the servant problem," Henry said madly. "I ignore it. Selma is devoted to me already—and I to her."

"Oh, I think that's sweet," said Mrs. Pratt.

The gleam came into Freddie's eyes. "Yes," she said gently, "dogs and children adore him. And of course people whom dogs and children adore—"

"Shall we go in to dinner?" Kitten said hastily.

The table was a dream of white iris and pale green damask. As he sat down next to Mrs. Pratt, Henry had a further inspiration. There was his blue delphinium just coming into bloom and what was left of the Wedgwood—

"Tell you what," he said. "After the dance at the club on Saturday night, all you people come to my house for a late supper."

"Oh, Henry, wonderful!" Cynthia exclaimed. "You don't know Henry's late suppers, Mrs. Pratt, but they're the best parties in Bluefield."

"What'll you give us, Henry?" asked Rod. "Something typically Swedish?"

"A massage, perhaps?" suggested Bill Hackett. "I'll bet Selma's old-fashioned hand-rolled Swedish massage, with just a touch of onion in it—just the merest suspicion—"

"Oh, Bill, do shut up," his wife urged.

"You wait," Henry said grandly. "There'll be no onions at my party," and he smiled at Mrs. Pratt.

At that precise instant his soup began to give ballast to his cocktails; and although it was delicious soup, Henry's heart began to sink in direct proportion.

ONLY three days to rehearse that lunatic Swede to understudy the perfect Ishikuro. He must have gone crazy! Of course he knew exactly why he had done it—to show that Bacon girl her place! He looked down the table at her, where she laughed with the young man named Mike, and there was bitterness in his heart.

He thought, I'll put on a party Ishy couldn't touch. I'll show her!

"Say, fella, I meant to ask you," Rod demanded. "What are you famous for this year?"

"Last year he dug up something funny—or was that the year before?" Cynthia patted his hand.

"It has something to do with totem poles," Kitten offered.

The young man named Mike continued to talk to Freddie.

"None of you savages would understand if I told you," Henry said.

And suddenly a tremendous loneliness washed over him—the more overwhelming because it was unexpected. Am I getting pompous? he asked himself, amazed. Why should I care what these people say about my work? I'm fond of them—why should my work matter?

He gulped down a piece of salmon mousse; he drank half a glass of Rod's excellent Graves. And he was miserable. Reason had nothing to do with it. It was absurd, and he knew it; but he wanted them once—just once—to understand, to appreciate this thing which fascinated him, which drew him away from Bluefield year after year to heat and hard work and excitement.

"I'll tell you what Henry's discovered," offered Bill Hackett. "It's those native girls. Tell us about your discoveries, Mr. Polk!"

As their laughter stopped, Freddie spoke with the impersonal coolness of a brook in a crowded picnic ground. "Henry has discovered," she said, "that one of the oldest civilizations known to man probably based their calendar on Venus instead of on the Moon. It won't mean much to you, but it does to some rather important people." There was a pause. Then—

"How fascinating!" said Mrs. Pratt. "I wish you'd explain it all to me, Mr. Polk."

"Come, come, do I have to explain moons to you?" Henry asked her gaily.

The squab was excellent; Rod and Kitten were perfect hosts; it was a first-rate party. Funny, these moods of depression that come over you from nowhere and go as quickly. . . .

It was in the library after dinner.

Freddie was putting sugar in her coffee. Her dark hair, Henry noticed, curled over her ears and showed her jaw line—that head on the temple again—

". . . But they're nothing but flotsam and jetsam, my dear," Kitten said airily across the room.

"Do you mean to say," Bill Hackett demanded, "that you don't know the Flotsams and Jetsams? Why, I was

brought up with Sophie Flotsam. Beautiful girl—Sophie."

Henry quickly spoke over Freddie's shoulder:

"And how did you know about the possibilities of Venus in the calendar?"

She turned quickly and met his gaze. "I—I just happen to know about it." She lifted her chin a little. "I was rather interested."

"The only place where that theory has been mentioned is in the Journal of Exploration Quarterly," Henry pursued.

"Yes. That's where I read it." Freddie began calmly drinking her coffee.

Henry surveyed her. "How did you happen to get hold of it?" he asked lightly.

"I subscribe to it."

"Do you really? Why?" Henry was startled.

"Why," said Freddie, "the—I— Why not? As a matter of fact the photographs of the stelae at Quen Santo—"

"Look just like you," said Henry before he could stop himself.

". . . Cold! Of course I was cold! I had nothing on but a torso!" Bill Hackett said, and for a moment shrill, hearty laughter at Bill's story filled the room.

Then Freddie looked up at him, her eyes brilliant. But you're lovely, he thought. You're the most fascinating—

"I'm so glad you like Selma," said Freddie demurely.

Henry's face froze into immobility and all at once he felt coldly and acidly amused at himself. "Yes, it is nice, isn't it?" he said. "I must show Mrs. Pratt the summerhouse before it gets too dark. Will you excuse me?"

"Of course," Freddie said graciously, her cheeks flaming. . . .

Henry was awakened on Saturday morning by the usual sounds of battle between Selma and the gas stove. He shuddered and turned over heavily. Saturday—why was there a cloud over Saturday?

Then he remembered. The Country Club dance—and his supper party. All those people coming—and no Ishikuro. No Ishy to arrange the delphiniums, to make those myriad little sandwiches that mystified the tongue and melted upon it, to keep ice unobtrusively in glasses and ash trays miraculously empty. Henry groaned. But he had asked them. There was nothing to do about it.

The day wore inexorably on. Henry was able to do no work; but then, he had done no work since his dinner at the Standishes'. When Selma was quiescent, there was golf or a cocktail with Pippa. When Pippa was not on the telephone, Selma was scorching his linen trousers or turning his paradise of a library upside down with a thorough cleaning. Life was a complicated affair!

It was a little after one in the morning when Henry's supper party assembled gaily in the club porch and drove off to the old Polk house. Gaily, that is, except for Henry. He got away first, with Pippa beside him, and he drove fast. If Selma had misunderstood about the crab meat—if the sauterne was not on ice—

PIPPA snuggled, unmistakably. Henry moved absently away. Suppose Selma still had on that green-and-orange-checked gingham. . . . She had been very indefinite about making the French rolls.

"Hen-ry," said Pippa. He grunted. He wished to heaven she would keep still and let him think.

It was with a sigh of relief that he ushered her at last into the library, switched on the lights, and offered her a cigarette.

"Henry," Pippa cried, "this is *too* enchanting! The atmosphere of this lovely old house—oh, I could stay here forever!"

Henry wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. He must get to the kitchen. "Yes," he said; "sure. Look, you stay here and play hostess for me, will you?"

"Oh, but, Henry," Pippa cried gaily, "do let me see behind the scenes! You are so enchanting as a housekeeper!"

The headlights of the first car swept round the driveway. He could waste no more time.

"Come along, then," he cried desperately, and strode through the dining room. Behind him trailed Pippa, exquisite in white lace, her silvery voice following him: "Oh, Henry, I never saw anything so *divine* as that table!"

Henry reflected grimly that it ought to be. Two hours spent on the delphiniums. I don't seem to be the type that arranges flowers easily, he thought.

HE swung open the kitchen door, Pippa close behind him. In the middle of the floor, her vast face crimson and shining, stood Selma. The green-and-orange-checked gingham spread over her fulsomely, a little the worse for wear but still easily recognizable as green and orange. One table was littered with sandwiches, their edges drying crisply in the heat. His precious half dozen bottles of sauterne warmed placidly next to the stove. The wineglasses were piled with an air of drunken relaxation upon a tray, the other half of which was occupied modestly by three packages of breakfast cereal. Everywhere there were sticky knives, crusts, small plates, large bowls, empty jars, butter, and confusion.

Selma greeted him with motherly benignity.

"T'ings not quite raddy, Mr. Pook. Maybe half an hour, maybe liddle more."

Conscious of Pippa standing behind him surveying his kitchen, Henry said thickly, "But you've had five hours, Selma. What—"

"Oh, fife hours—maybe," Selma said tolerantly. "But I moost sleep some. Maybe I sleep too long."

Henry felt his neck grow hot. He turned toward Pippa—he must get her out of this. . . .

And then the catastrophe happened.

With a sudden unnerving howl of horror, Selma darted to the stove and snatched at the coffeepot. "Boils ofer!" she shouted. Impulsively she whirled it off the stove; and as she whirled, the lid flew off, coffee shot up like oil from a well—and descended upon Pippa.

For perhaps three seconds it seemed to Henry that the very heavens rained hot coffee. Then Pippa screamed—grasped her skirt in both hands and held it away from her.

"You fool!" she shrieked. "You utter witless idiot!"

"Pippa," Henry cried, "did it burn you?"

She turned on him, her face twisted with fury. "Burn me! *No!* Look at my dress. My lovely brand-new dress!" She turned back to Selma, who stood staring, jaws agape. "And it's all the fault of your marvelous—your unique—"

Selma's jaws snapped shut. "U-neek!" she repeated ominously. "Vot you mean, U-neek? Nopoddy calls me U-neek. I don't work vare beeple calls beeple U-neek—"

Some one came into the kitchen behind her and—

Henry looked up wildly. "Freddie," he began helplessly, "Pippa—the coffee—"

Freddie gave the kitchen one comprehensive glance.

"Selma," she cried in a cool crisp voice, "start some more coffee—at once! Wrap those sandwiches in damp napkins and put them in the icebox—not wet napkins, do you understand? Damp! Put the wine bottles in too. Give me a pitcher of cold water, Henry, and I'll keep everybody in the library with Pippa. Don't let Selma put her foot out of this kitchen. Come along," she added to Pippa, "and for heaven's sake act as though it didn't matter. The men will hate you if you don't laugh it off. Besides, you look terrible when you get mad—"

The pantry door swung behind them. It seemed scarcely a moment before Freddie came through it again.

"Listen, Henry," she said quickly. "Go back to the library and keep them drinking. Then in five minutes you come back here and I'll leave. The crab meat will be done and you can put it on the table. Selma's working

on the cheese things. We'll have this ready in a jiffy."

"But—" Henry began.

"They won't miss either of us if we're not gone at the same time, and the wine needs twenty minutes at least in the icebox. And the sandwiches aren't on plates yet."

"But, Freddie—" Henry insisted.

She turned upon him, her cheeks brilliant. "Do you want this party to be a flop? Do you want them to kid the life out of you all summer about your Queen Christina of cooks?" Henry winced. Freddie suddenly put her hand on his arm. "Henry," she said softly, "I got you into this. Now let me help you out. I don't want them to tease you any more—about anything."

Henry left the kitchen abruptly. There was an odd sensation in the pit of his stomach.

In the library the party was in full swing. He was greeted with enthusiasm.

"Listen," Cynthia cried. "We've made up a poem about Bill—"

"At which," Bill said severely, "I have taken umbrage. Quite a lot of umbrage. Probably enough to kill me."

"Let's make one about Henry," Kitten shrieked. "There was a young fellow named Polk—" "A highly successful young bloke," put in Cynthia. "Whose parties were splendid," called Mike. "And always attended by only the better-class folk," ended Bill, with a sweep of his hand.

"I guess you'd better all have some more nice warm milk," Henry suggested kindly. "Where's your glass, Rod?"

"There was a young woman named Pippa—" began the Hacketts' male house guest, "Who drank champagne from her slipper—" "No, no. A young lady named Pratt, who said, 'I'm becoming too fat'—"

"You brute!" cried Pippa.

Henry slipped out. In the kitchen Selma was concentrating on the stove while Freddie, completely unruffled, put the finishing touches to the crab meat. "Goodby. Back in five minutes," she said and vanished behind the swinging door.

For what seemed hours Henry shot back and forth between the kitchen and dining room. For the first time in his life, his heart ached for every hostess at whose parties he had gobbled food, smoked cigarettes, and asked for more ice.

AND then, incredibly, it was done. They were all drifting into the dining room, exclaiming over the table, complimenting him on the wine.

"This crab meat," said the Hacketts' female house guest, "is the most delicious thing I ever ate. How do you do it, Mr. Polk?" Henry looked mysterious and Bill said, "The secret dies with the last Polk."

Henry's hands suddenly began to shake. He took a roll and ate it feebly. Voices rose around him. Silver clinked and glasses shone. It was his party. It was all right!

An hour later the last car had turned out of the driveway, the last blinding headlight had found the road. The last voice shouted to Henry and was gone. He sank on the front steps. All that effort, all this exhaustion—just for a party. Was this what Ishy went through and seemed actually to enjoy?

Henry stared at the blackness of the lawn. In Bassett's Pond the frogs were talking. The cold remote silence of early-summer morning spread around him. Even Selma had washed the last dish and he could hear her slam the kitchen door. He drew a deep breath. . . .

Gosh, he thought. Freddie. She's wonderful!

Slowly he considered this statement. Slowly it occurred to him that it was amazing. He sat, his head forward, staring at the tall elm by the porch. He put out a tentative mental feeler and delicately touched the idea of Freddie—Freddie's cool voice saying, "What Henry has discovered"; Freddie standing in the kitchen doorway; Freddie with her dark curly hair and her lovely unreadable eyes.

"Good Lord," said Henry, half reverent and half astonished, "a brunette." He stood up. What I need, he thought, with a queer feeling in the pit of his stomach, is sleep. . . .

Henry sat on a hard chair in the office of the Bluefield Employment Agency and watched a very efficient-looking back. He had been watching it for twenty-five minutes; it seemed a long time.

"Freddie," he said, "I've just come to ask your advice. It won't take long—"

The back stiffened. "Just a minute," said Freddie.

"Just a minute nothing!" Henry suddenly announced. "Turn around here and tell me how the—how I'm going to fire Selma."

FREDDIE turned around. There was a very odd expression on her face, a mixed-up sort of expression, and her eyes fastened on Henry's chin and stayed there.

"Why don't you first tell her to go?" she suggested in a small voice.

Henry put his hand on the back of her chair.

"I did," he said miserably. "She won't! She says she wants to stay. Freddie, will—will *you* fire her for me? Otherwise I'll have that yellow-haired woman in my house for the rest of my life.'

Freddie's eyes dropped to his necktie.

"I thought you *liked* blondes," she said.

"Well, I made a mistake. Freddie, look at me." She raised her eyes to his. "I like—people with dark hair," he said. "I like—I like hazel eyes—and—Freddie, *you* know what I like."

Her hand was small and cold, and they were ridiculously six feet from Main Street; but, oddly, Henry saw the towering trunks of trees and the heavy hot green of the jungle back of her.

"Freddie," Henry said in a husky voice, "would you be able to stand six months of every year in the tropics?"

Freddie raised her eyes again. They had the dazzled look of a child on Christmas morning.

"Yes," said Freddie.

"There are mosquitoes," Henry said shakily.

"Yes," said Freddie.

"And it would be lonely for you."

"No," said Freddie. And then abruptly her eyes left his and looked over his shoulder. Her face froze.

"What is it? Freddie darling—"

"There's Mrs. Pratt," she said, "crossing the street—coming this way."

Henry said something under his breath, then muttered hysterically: "What'll I do, Freddie? Where can I go? I will not see that woman—"

"Sit still," Freddie whispered. "Wait. She's going past. It's all right."

Henry heaved a deep sigh and took Freddie's other hand.

"Listen," he said, "before we go any further. Why did you send that Swedish blight to me? Why have you been so damnable—until last night?"

"You were so superior," Freddie told him, and her lips quivered into a grin.

"You were pretty superior yourself," Henry told her. "I have a sort of a feeling you'll always be—"

"Henry—some one might walk right in," Freddie said. "Please—please, don't go all cave-man on me—not right this minute. I feel so—sort of—*you* know—"

"I know," said Henry. "You mean extraordinary."

"Henry," said Freddie, "tell me something. Are all the natives very dark?"

"You bet your life they are," said Henry. "Wait till you see them, sweet. They're the color of licorice. That's why I like 'em."

THE END

The cop dragged Frank out. Tony watched them. "I'm sorry," he said. "Now I've got the cops down on you."

Song IN THE HEART

A Tale of a Stranger in Town

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

TONY CLAIBORNE waited until the train stopped for water, though there had been a half-dozen times in the last half-hour when he could have swung off. The freight had come up the Rocky Mountain grade so slowly that he'd been able to count the individual ties under his elbow.

Rolling into the ditch below the roadbed he saw houses beyond the water tower. Good. A town wasn't absolutely necessary—lonely tower men would always put out—but it was better. Maybe he'd be able to pick up a little change to expedite the process of putting miles between himself and Big Harris.

Anthony Claiborne on the bum again. Hallelujah, brother, on the bum. Damn Joe Podolsky and all his

by RICHARD WORMSER

workin' stiff tribe. If he hadn't gotten a job for Joe, the rat wouldn't have had a chance to rob Big Harris's till, and Tony Claiborne could have stayed on in San Lazaro, happy as a lark.

He brushed dust off what had been a good suit a long time ago. No use. These mountain roads burned the most adhesive coal in the world. The last job he'd ever get for any one. What was the use of working? Tony Claiborne had gotten along without it for some time now.

He was not an individual, but one of a whole class, a new class that had sprung up in the last five years. Tony and a hundred thousand other kids, male and female, had no homes, and had never worked. Work is a habit. When you have gotten along without it all your life, you don't believe in it. And at night, in the jungles, or wherever you happened to flop, you read old newspapers, and see where a couple of thousand working stiffs have been laid off by some factory after three weeks. Maybe in

some other column there's a government figure that says that unemployment is going down, but you don't believe that. You can't picture that, but you can see a thousand guys with dinner pails pulling their cards and being turned out of a factory.

So what's the use of even looking for a job? If there was one, you couldn't hold it. You're an outcast, a bum. Because you have always wandered—three years is always, when they start on your twentieth birthday—you think you always will.

So you drifted along, and you naturally looked for your three squares from the broad-minded folk—like Big Harris, who had let Tony do a little singing in his saloon at San Lazaro until Tony had gotten a flunky's job for Joe Podolsky.

Tony was a little different from the other kids of the road because he knew what he was, a temporary phenomenon, a member of a special class. Tony had had two years of college, until the trust fund his father had left him had blown up. Tony had even gone into a library one time and read the book about the road kids that a prof from Chicago had written.

But that didn't help any. It only made him feel more outcast, because the prof had feared that five years on the road would permanently unfit the boys for industrial use—a swell phrase.

Hi-ho, head for the water tower.

Where there was a water tower, there would be a jungle. Anthony Claiborne riding the rods once more! He found the hobo camp, an unprosperous one with no cans of food stashed out, no mulligan on the embers. A chalk sign: Hostile.

The town was down on bums. Well, no need to be a bum if the bum market was falling. He stripped off his ember-sooted clothes and hid them in the sage. He shaved with his pocket razor, but without soap or mirror. At twenty-three he could do that, because his beard was blond and his skin smooth.

Anthony Claiborne impersonating a worker! He wandered toward the town as the sun peered up over the crest of the Rockies. But he'd been sleeping late, these soft days in San Lazaro, and he'd forgotten how early dawn was in the spring. A clock in front of a courthouse told him that it would be an hour before he could reasonably expect any shopkeeper to be about his business.

He found a bench in front of the courthouse. Anthony Claiborne taking his ease!

After a while he said: "Gosh. They are hostile in this town, aren't they, cat?"

His voice was surprisingly boyish for one so at home in the lower stratum of railroading.

THE gray cat was scrawny, almost impossibly so. It sat on the pavement in front of him, its tail pressed down hard, ready to pivot and run at the first false move. It looked as though it hadn't eaten in a week.

Tony's brow compressed. Being dumped out of college into a world suddenly hard and friendless had done certain things to him in the last three years; but it had never toughened him to the acceptance of the fact that people might let an animal go hungry.

"Poor cat. Sorry, but I left my supply of kitty ration behind me. The hurry of packing, don't you know?"

The cat slowly lowered its forelegs until it was lying on the pavement. Gradually, Tony bent forward; talking to a cat, petting it, was something to do, something that would press back the gnawing in a man's stomach, the dull anger at a fate that had allowed him to befriend a rat like Joe Podolsky.

He remembered Alice in Wonderland. "Do cats eat rats, cat?"

The cat allowed him to rub his hand down its back. Slowly, as he rubbed, the scrawny back was arched, pressing against the comforting warmth of a human hand; then, suddenly, the cat sprang, and was in his lap.

But once there it trembled, as though sure that this was too much; now the world would turn against it again.

The shivering of that little body cracked Tony's gay veneer. For the first time in months, he saw himself as piteous. He bit his lip and grinned, and went on petting the cat. "Good cat. How would you like a name? Hoover? Jim Farley? Or—Debs? That a good name, cat? Eugene V. Debs. Eugenia Debs. Debs, Debs? Debs."

The cat purred and let all its muscles go limp. It even essayed a little wriggle. Its fur was fine and soft and clean for such a hungry beast.

Eventually they both dozed. The courthouse clock, striking an hour, awoke Tony. When he opened his eyes, he was awake all over; his life didn't encourage dopiness.

"You still here, Debs? Wish I could take you along, but a cat might hinder me in my business. Let's go stemming, Debs. You for the garbage can, me for the stores." He rose, and Debs leaped to the ground.

Tony shoved along the main street, peering into shop windows.

HE passed up dry-goods stores, butchers', a chain-store grocery. He hurried past a jewelry store, not wanting to be seen peering at watches or diamonds.

Two and a half blocks from the courthouse he found an ideal layout. Groceries, but not too many green vegetables; they were bad, because the owner would pay off in wilted carrots and beans rather than canned goods, and fresh stuff took too long to cook. Besides, fresh vegetables must be bought for cash; a store that was low on them would be sympathetic, the failing helping the failed.

The two heavy display stands inside would have to come out onto the sidewalk soon; surely the clerks would let him do that. The floor could stand a sweeping, too.

Tony turned. Now find a place to park until the grocer got there. He stood, looking; something touched his ankle.

"Debs? Cats don't follow people, cat. Go on and find your own meal ticket, Debs. This is mine." The fire hydrant around the corner would do, and he could look through the cleaning-store window and see when the meal ticket was ready for punching.

When he moved toward the hydrant, Debs trotted along, tail high, then ran ahead of him and stopped to see that he was coming.

"Say, Debs, you must think you're a dog. No illusions, cat, no megalomania."

When he sat down on the fire plug, Debs leaped into his lap.

Five minutes passed, ten. White-aproned clerks were opening other shops. Maybe he'd picked a closed one?

No—movement behind the glass. The door was opened by a figure in white. He lifted Debs to the ground, said "Scat," and jerked his coat into place. Now was the time to make the brace.

He started off. Debs took three little gallops, rubbed against his ankle in passing, and darted ahead. "Scat! No? Well, come on then, my proletarian feline. I can use you in my business."

For he had perceived that the white figure bending over one of the heavy vegetable stands and tugging at it was a woman. Swell! Oh, elegant. Maybe the luck of Anthony Claiborne had changed.

"Ma'am?"

Not a woman, a girl. There were no wrinkles below the turban she had made of a towel.

The technique was not to wait for a turndown. Do it first, and get the sucker into your debt. She stepped aside as he caught hold of the heavy stand and dragged it to the door. Eugenia Debs had waited outside, frightened a little by the intrusion of a second human into the combination.

"Which way, ma'am?"

"It goes over there—on the right of the door. But—"

The grinding of the stand on the pavement cut off her words, until he had pushed it into place and straightened, grinning to show how young and disarming he was.

"Now the other one."

But she was scared. Better put Debs to work. Holding the cat against his cheek, he knew he looked less alarming.

"Let me do the other one, and carry your groceries out, ma'am? I'll sweep the store, too. You see,"—put a shade of embarrassment into your voice—"I thought maybe you'd give me a can of beans for my breakfast. I'm—well, I'm broke."

"We don't like hobos in this town. Two of them nearly killed a traffic officer last week."

Gently: "I'm not a hobo, ma'am." Now play the ace. "But some beans and a can of Shefton's milk."

"Shefton's? That costs a cent more than—"

It had worked! "Any other kind, then, ma'am. But, you see, Debs is used to Shefton's. I hate to change her diet."

"Your cat?" she stared at him curiously. "All right. A can of beans and some milk won't break me. Lord knows, I can't sell them."

Ha, another victim of Hooveritis. But she worked, stayed in one place—and took the same beating Tony did. It wasn't worth it.

"Yes, ma'am." He gave the cat a little squeeze before he set it down. Good old Debs!

Half an hour later, he leaned the broom in the closet at the back of the store and turned around. The girl unwound her turban. A blonde like that working in a grocery store!

"You made up the stands much better than I could," she said. "Did you use to work in a grocery store?"

Sometimes they asked that. If they did you told them yes, but the chain stores put you out of business. Once, memorably, that had been good for a five dollar bill; it always worked for extra groceries and a little cash.

He surprised himself by saying: "No, ma'am. But—well, I've seen a lot of them." And that was true. He'd swept out stores and set up stands from coast to coast, twice.

Anthony Claiborne telling the truth!

SHE said: "Oh. Well—here's the beans. I'll get the milk. You said Shefton's?"

"Yes, ma'am." He crammed the beans into his pocket and picked up Debs, gently stroking her fur. She purred.

"Stop calling me ma'am," the girl said.

"Yes, ma—O. K." Don't relax, Tony; your stomach won't stand it. He put the milk into the other pocket, suddenly weak now that food was so close. He set Debs down and started for the door.

"Wait a minute. You—you know something about groceries. Would you like a job here? I thought I could run the store all by myself, my uncle did. But I can't make it go."

Little black dots were coming down before his eyes. But he owed her conversation for the food. "Uh—there's a chain store down the street. That's always tough. Your uncle probably got his trade from his friends. Don't you?"

"I'm from further East. I only came here when he died."

"Oh." Tell her something and get out. If you faint, they'll find out you're a tramp, and you'll get the rush. What was it that man in Ohio did? The one who gave him the bacon? Yeah. "Look, I'll tell you a stunt. Make up a daily special like this—call it a pie for a quarter, a meat dish for twenty-eight cents." That wasn't clear. Through the fog the girl's eyes were puzzled. "List it on your window. You write out the recipe, something unusual—a new dish. Then you make specials of all the ingredients. See?"

He stroked Debs. Why didn't she say yes, and let him go? Was she falling for him? Anthony Claiborne and a she-grocer! Yeah, a swell sap he'd be to stay here and fail. Better to move on, where people don't know you can't make the grade. She was talking.

"Oh. I see. There's a recipe—"

"Sure." He started moving for the door. Aw, give the girl a break. "Look, another angle. When the butchers feature something for a week-end roast, you tell the trade how to use up the leftovers on Monday."

SHE was saying something. He couldn't hear her because of something; but if she was so dumb she didn't understand now, let her suffer. He strode stiffly out the door.

Tony Claiborne just made the bench in front of the courthouse. The cans were cool and reassuring in his pockets. He sat there. When the black spots cleared, there was a cop looking at him.

Tony stood up. Debs had been sitting on his lap. She ran after him, ruining the dignified exit he had planned.

A clerk in front of a butcher's stared at him. "Hey, buddy, there's a cat following you."

"My cat. Come on, Debs."

"Aw, cats don't follow guys. Lookee, we got mice. You wanta leave him here?"

"Sure."

The boy in the white apron picked Debs up, carried her into the store. Tony hurried on, relieved. All the more food. A butcher store to a cat was like the Rock Candy Mountain for a bum.

He made the jungle, unloosened his belt, and found the rusty can opener left by the brotherhood for just such emergencies. He crammed cold beans down his throat, waited, felt strength start up through his body.

Something miaowed, something rubbed his ankles. "Hey, Debs! You've sold out. You belong to the capitalistic system, now. Scat! Back to your fleshpots."

Debs refused to take him seriously.

"Oh, a proletarian cat, huh? Got principles, have you? You're not cut out for a journeyman worker, Debs. Go back and curry favor with the bosses."

But Debs was not to be shaken.

Tony munched more beans. Debs miaowed furiously.

But he paid no attention. Let the cat prey on the bourgeoisie! Every man for himself on the road.

Beans are thirst-provoking. He cut the top off the milk can, took a deep swallow, and went back to the beans. Just at the bottom of the can a fine piece of fat pork nestled. He frowned, then tossed it to Debs.

The proletarian cat growled once, gratefully, and the pork was gone.

There was too much Shefton's for one man. He set the can down, and Debs lapped, the milk splashing against the side of the can.

He got the traveling clothes out of the brush, pulled them on, and curled up in the sun to sleep. Anthony Claiborne resting at his leisure!

Debs finished the milk and settled down on her master's chest, perhaps not as full as she would have been at the butcher's, but content. A cat has to have some one to love. . . .

Cold creeping up his legs woke Tony Claiborne. His stomach was warm. That was because Debs was sleeping on it. The sun was going down. How long had he slept—ten hours, twelve?

He was hungry again, and so was Debs, because she miaowed.

"Time to go shifting, cat. You wait here." He took off his traveling clothes and moved out.

He had noticed this morning that this was a dry town. Good pickings for Anthony Claiborne. He became a sniffing beast, all nose, moving up and down the side streets, with his cat always behind him.

Debs ran ahead suddenly, and stopped before a dark

entrance-way. He caught up with the cat, and smelled. "You're quite a scout," he praised Debs. There was the stench of stale beer in the hallway.

He stepped in. The cat waited outside, her gray fur fading into the night; too many people in there for an outcast like Debs.

Tony's finger fumbled a greasy lintel till he found a button. He rang, and after a while a little peephole opened. "Stranger in town, mister," Tony said.

The eye on the other side of the peephole went away, came back, a light flashed on, and Tony submitted himself to an inspection.

"Who sent ya here?"

"Fella at a barber shop."

"Jack?"

"I don't know his name."

"Come on in." . . .

The same room, the same crowd. It was as though Anthony Claiborne carried his surroundings with him from coast to coast. This could be Miguel's in San Lazaro, Jack's in New York, Tony's in Los A, or Hoppy's in Denver. The slight difference of legality or illegality affected only the entrance door and the prices.

The inevitable cartoon framed behind the bar—a local newspaper artist working off a debt—said that it was Frank's. Frank's in—what was the name of this town anyway? All he could think of was the name over the grocery store—Junger's. There was no town in the state named that; must be the girl's name.

Tony produced his last quarter, saved for just this. "A glass o' light." The beer slid down the bar to him. He picked it up, sipped, and moved toward the free-lunch counter.

All he dared eat was one slice of bologna and two pieces of rye bread. He drank a little of his beer and worked back up the bar.

Two men arguing over the beginning of the baseball season. Swell setup. On your toes, Tony. The fat one wore better clothes but there were deep lines down his mouth; a tightwad. The thin one that favored the Giants was surer, though there wouldn't be more than one glass in it.

"Why, gents," Tony Claiborne said, "I'm just up from the South. The Giants are better this year than ever before. I saw them training—"

The thin man welcomed him into the argument, the fat one glowered. What had been a two-cornered discussion became, easy as easy, a three-cornered one, with Tony leading.

After a while the thin man, triumphant over his friend, bought a beer.

On the strength of the second beer, the free-lunch counter was his. He finished the argument, and ate a pig's knuckle and three slices of bologna.

Debs would like the knucklebone. Wonder if the cat is still waiting outside? She waited outside the grocery store. Wonder if that girl took my advice?

HE moved down the bar, turning his back on one discussion, facing another, like a ballet dancer pirouetting upstage. He never finished a beer, and the barman, noticing this, began giving him glasses that were nearly all foam. The Claiborne system was working.

They liked him because he was young, and because he could settle arguments—the interminable barroom arguments—without provoking any one.

Some one looked at his watch. He called the time, and the room cleared as though by magic. The bartender polished his mahogany while Tony leaned on the bar.

"Kid," the barman said, "they gone to see the train come in. I could maybe make you a plate of hot soup. Huh? I seen you working on the free lunch."

Soup? Nuts. This Frank owed him more than that. "No, thanks. I can see you're no hick. From the big city?"

"The windy one, brother. Yeah, Chicago claims me as a son. Plan on being in town long?"

"No. Got in a little trouble out California way. I'm heading back for Lake Michigan, where spiggoties don't carry knives."

"You from Chi? Got in trouble with a mex, huh?"

"Yeah." How Big Harris would hate that. "Hey, fella. I'm kinda low. Any chance of picking up a little change?"

"Mopping cuspidors?"

"Do I look like a flunky?"

"Huh? Well. Maybe I'll have something later." Swish, swish went the towel down the bar.

Now was the time to show you were reliable. How? The cat! "Hey, Frank. Mind if I take some sausage skins and a bone out to my cat? She's waiting—"

"Cat?" Frank's eyebrows rose. "If it's a pal, bring him in, and I'll set him up. I made two bucks off'n you just then."

"No, it's really a cat. I've had it with me two years, out on the coast. Follows me like a pup."

FRANK went and unbarred the front door. Tony called: "Debs, here cat!" The shadows moved on the street, and Debs was there. Tony'd been afraid for a moment that she'd run away.

Debs trotted in as though she owned the place. Good old proletarian cat! What an addition to the act! Debs gnawed happily on a knucklebone, wolfed incredible amounts of bologna, while the barman watched interestedly.

"Say, that cat's just as loyal as a dog, huh? Jees, I never see a cat like that before. Huh, fella, what's your name? . . . Tony Clay? You wanta drive me tonight? I got a delivery to make after closing time. A dude ranch, over in the other end of the county. They're drier up there than we are here, and I'll be bringing back a big wad. You say you're from Windytown? These Western kids drive too fast for me. You tool me up there, and I'll get some shut-eye on the way. Otherwise I wouldn't 'a' been able to close my eyes all night." . . .

Marian Junger told herself she'd have to get some sleep. Having to be at a store at seven in the morning made every hour she tossed this way more painful. Oh, gosh, some morning she was going to sleep and sleep and sleep. What was the sense in getting up that early, anyway? It didn't bring in any customers.

Nothing brought in any customers. Nothing at all. Tomorrow morning she'd hang up the big window sign she'd spent the lonely afternoon painting, the one about how to make Mexican loaf. The window was already set with the cheese display and the canned beans, and the green peppers she had spent so much time polishing.

"A Dinner For Four—29 Cents—Five Minutes."

Maybe that would bring in some customers. That boy today had said it would. And he seemed to know what he was talking about.

No, it wouldn't. Maybe they'd copy her recipe and go down to one of the other stores to buy the ingredients.

The reason people didn't come in was because they didn't know her. Maybe if she hung out a sign: *I did not ask my uncle to leave me this store. I used to be a schoolteacher.* . . .

People only shopped at independent stores because they could get gossip from the proprietors that they couldn't get at chain stores. And they distrusted her. This town had never heard of a young girl running a store alone.

But that boy had said she could get customers. And he looked as if he ought to know. So hungry—she could tell—and so proud. But he wouldn't take a job. He didn't believe in himself, maybe. Scared, for all his pride, and his silly cat. A hitchhiker with a cat.

If the store failed, she'd be a hitchhiker too. Her job back East was filled. If he'd stayed, so there'd be some one to laugh with—

Just any one to help you see the funny side of the town's being scared of you. No, not any one, but some one young and brave, and kind of proud. So you could look down on them all.

Some one to talk to, when no customers ever came in and it was lonely. Even a cat, if it was a nice cat. But not even a cat had come to her store.

I'm too young to be alone always. I'm only twenty-one. I want some one to talk to.

Finally she cried *(Continued on page seventeen)*

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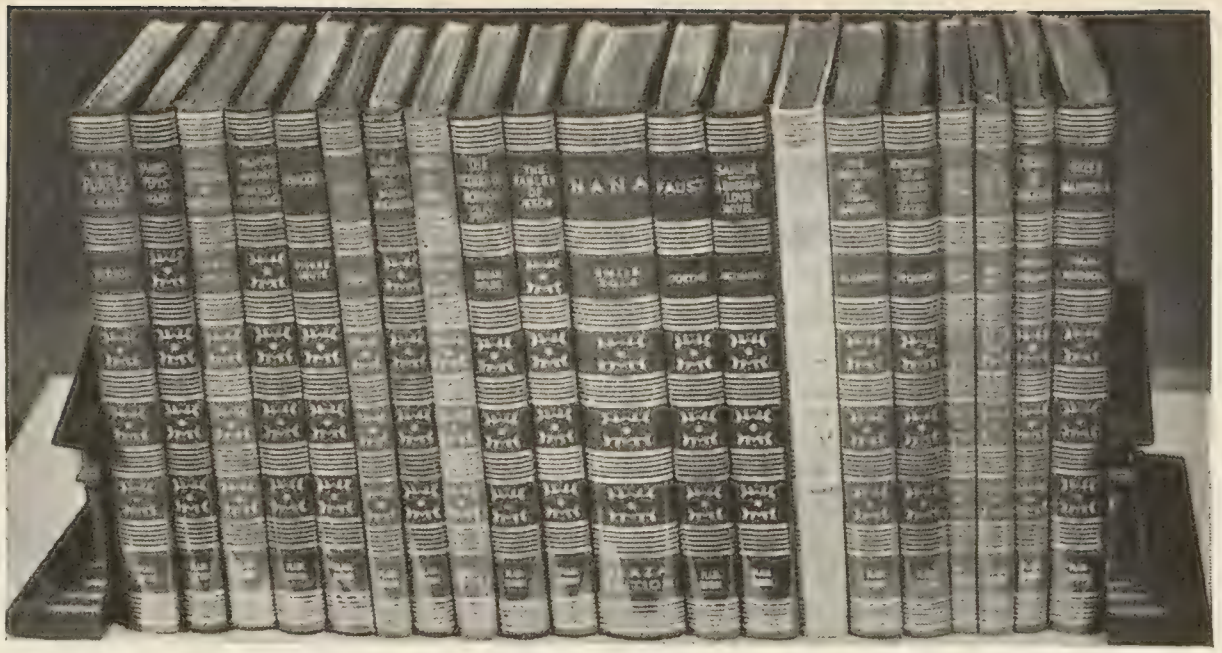

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(Continued from page fourteen) herself to sleep. It was worst at night. . . .

Anthony Claiborne, the last of the rumrunners! This was better luck than he'd had in years. Worth almost enough to send him a ways on the cushions. Running booze, a year after prohibition was over. Swell.

At five in the morning the Claiborne luck was still all good. Tony steered the roadster back into town, with his eyes wind-burned and red. On his lap Debs snored, while beside him Frank slept placidly, slumped down in the seat with the proceeds of a rumbleful of liquor in his pocket.

Why not stay in this town? No. For three years he'd tried to stay in places, and always something happened. Move along, this time, before the luck broke.

Too late. Just as he was turning the car into the side street of the blind tiger, fate dealt its blow. He was going twenty-five when the tire burst, which wasn't fast, but it was a big tire. He twisted hard, but he couldn't do it. The car slid to a stop with its radiator smashed against a hydrant, steam rising high—

The Claiborne luck! Five minutes more, and he'd have been safe.

Luck, luck. Frank slept on, worn out. Slept for a little while. But when he woke up, it was curtains for the punk who had ruined his expensive car. Yeah, and a nameless, homeless bum would have a swell time telling a cop it wasn't his fault. Frank must have influence or they wouldn't leave his place open.

The rods again. Tony Claiborne, hallelujah, on the bum again.

Tony ran. Debs leaped after him. They made the jungle side by side. They crouched in the brush, the violent fragrant mountain sage. "Go away, Debs. Scat, you Marxian cat! Scram. You can't go on the road—"

This day's edition of the train that had brought Anthony Claiborne to town showed up. It stopped for water, as its mate had done the day before. Tony climbed back on the rods. A minute or more and they'd be going East once more. He was hungry.

Debs came under the car and arched her back, rubbing against Tony. "Scram, animal!" If the train started now, Debs would be mincemeat.

He picked the cat up, threw her off the roadbed and into the ditch.

Debs was back in an instant, coming at him.

He tossed a cinder; missed. The cat came on.

Scowling, he swung off the rods and rolled back into the artemisia. The train started and it was too late. But there'd be another one along soon. He'd heard it yesterday. If he could get to Kansas City the shacks past there would let you ride the empties. But a cat—

He'd take Debs back into town, now. Leave her. He'd —this was an idea—give her to that girl, Junger. Why, she needed a cat. He was doing her a favor.

They followed alleys, back streets, toward the grocery store. Poor Debs. He'd kind of miss the dumb cat.

RICHARD WORMSER

says he wrote ten million words in newspaper work, advertising, and publicity before he started fiction. Since then he has sold nearly two million words, two thirds of it under the pen name of Nick Carter. He is married and lives in Flushing, New York.

THE girl looked up. She was tugging at the first of the stands. She saw him and stepped aside, confident that he'd help her. Just like Debs was sure that he'd feed her. They'd only known Tony Claiborne one day.

"Good morning," the girl said. "I thought you'd be gone by now."

"No. I'm in a hurry, though. I want you to take my cat—Debs. He—she needs a good home."

"Why not stay here and work for me, then?"

"I can't." Fool. Anthony Claiborne, waking up too late. If he'd said yes, yesterday, it would have been all right.

The girl whispered: "My name's Marian—"

She was staring over his shoulder.

A voice said: "Good mornin', Miss Junger. Mr. Latimer, you know Miss Junger."

Mr. Latimer was Frank. The other one was a cop.

"This fella here," the cop said, "he stole Mr. Latimer's car and took it for a joy ride. Busted in the radiator."

Tony Claiborne looked toward the rear of the store. There was a door there. The cop wouldn't run very fast.

"Harold did that?" Marian Junger said. "Why, surely, you're wrong. You've been here all morning, haven't you, Harold?"

Tony found his voice. "Of course, Marian. Why, officer, Marian—Miss Junger, I mean—has known me all my life. I came on to help her with her store."

He looked down at the cat, stooped, and petted it, as though the discussion was over. The bad luck of Anthony Claiborne! Another jam to send him out of town, to send him roaming again. His hand began to shake.

WITHOUT looking up he muttered: "This man got any proof, officer?"

"Proof?" Frank roared. "I don't need proof! You're nothing but a lying hobo, and the girl's lying too, because she's fallen for—"

Tony found that Frank's teeth must be false, because they came out when you hit him.

The cop started for Tony, then turned to grab Frank as he saw that Marian Junger had a good hold on the boy's arm.

She said quickly: "I'll forget what Latimer said if you take him out of here before my friend kills him. I'll forget that an officer of the law is such good friends with a bootlegger, too. Go on, get out—"

Tony felt her hands on his arm trembling. Gee, they'd never know she was scared.

The cop dragged Frank out.

Tony watched them go. "I'm sorry," he said dully. "Sorry. Now I've got the cops down on you. I'm a swell guy, when you were so nice to me. I—I'm sorry."

"It doesn't matter. He didn't hit you, did he?"

"He never," Tony said. "Hey, what are you crying for? What's the matter?" He felt himself flushing. Now he was shaking, too. "Aaw, don't cry. Please, don't."

"Now you'll go away, and I was so happy a minute ago. We—we stood up for each other, didn't we—"

"Aw—please don't cry. I'm not going away."

Then he knew why he hadn't left the cat at the butcher store. He knew why he had come back. From then on it was easy. You put one hand on her shoulder, and turned her a little.

He said: "Look. Do me a favor, will you?"

"Yes. Of course."

"Take—take that towel off your head?"

She laughed a little but through her tears, and pulled at the towel. It came off, but it pulled her chin up a little, and you could hardly help kissing her. . . .

Something rubbed against her ankles, something made a vibrant noise like a tiny airplane motor. They looked down. Debs was looking at the door of the shop.

They jumped apart. There was a customer there.

Tony said quickly: "I'm—I'm Miss Junger's fiancé, Anthony Claiborne. I—well, I just got here, you see."

Mrs. Holman—Mrs. Judge Holman, to you—beamed. "I see." She was trying not to laugh. "Well—I've got a grocery list here, if you two can take enough time to fill it. You know where I live."

Marian said: "Yes. Oh, yes, Mrs. Holman." But it was Tony who hurried and took the list. Debs galloped with him, and stood looking at their first customer. Mrs. Holman smiled and went away, filled with gossip.

"I like Anthony," Marian said. "Anthony, Anthony. You fill out the order, Anthony, while I go and make breakfast. Want to come, Debs?"

But Debs preferred to lie in the doorway and purr, waiting for customers. There'd be customers. Why not, when you could get a love scene free with each order?

Debs was no longer a proletarian cat. She was on her way to becoming a minor capitalist, with a third interest in a prosperous store.

Upstairs, Marian began to sing.

THE END

"Help!" Cries the Washington Hostess

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

Supreme Court or No Supreme Court, There's Need of Another Code — and Here's a Start Toward Making It

by ANNA ROOSEVELT BOETTIGER

A QUARTER before midnight. The jarring jangle of the telephone.

"Oh, dear," sighs Mrs. Chester, "I wish I had enough nerve not to pick up that receiver. . . . Hello."

"Hello, is this Mrs. Chester? I hope I didn't disturb you. This is Mrs. Frazier. We met you last summer in Yellowstone. I wouldn't dream of calling you except that my husband and I have gone to every hotel in Washington. They can't even give us cots in the lobby. . . . Oh, that's so sweet of you. We'll be right over."

"No, Henry Chester, I had to ask them. Yes, I know the two guest rooms are occupied, but it's perfectly all right. You and I can sleep on the sofas in the living room. President Roosevelt has certainly turned Washington into the world's greatest tourist city."

Mrs. Chester was right. Washington hostesses have none of the advantages of the eight-hour day—or night. I think a tacit code for guests might bring many a sigh of relief to hostesses in the District of Columbia. Let's make a survey of the conditions, and take the case of Mrs. Chester.

Mr. Chester claimed that it was the draft from the French windows in the living room which gave him his touch of flu, and Mrs. Chester was sure she got hers because she could find only one blanket for her sofa.

The morning dawned dark and drizzly.

"Henry, wake up. You know this room must be tidied before the first guest comes down."

When the last guest had straggled in to breakfast, Mrs. Chester excused herself and went to the phone.

"Mrs. Cummings? Oh, I hate to call you, but I'm at a loss. You see, two totally unexpected guests arrived last night. Oh, it will be all right to bring them for lunch? I can't thank you enough."

Back at the breakfast table, she turns to Mrs. Frazier. "Is there anything you'd particularly like to do before lunch?"

Mrs. Frazier beams. "I'd love to take a nice drive. I'm sure you know lots of interesting places."

Mrs. Chester suppressed a sneeze as she replied: "That will be lovely."

At luncheon Mrs. Chester observed, to herself, that she undoubtedly was not the only hostess who had broadcast an S O S to Mrs. Cummings. Luncheon was served not only in the dining room, but also in the spacious living room, and in the sun parlor.

All the way home Mrs. Chester cherished the thought that she had a free hour before the tea at the White House. Once inside the house, her hopes vanished.

"Who was that striking blonde in mulberry satin?"

"Oh, tell us what we should do at the White House. We will meet Mrs. Roosevelt herself, won't we?"

And then it was time to leave for tea.

Mr. Chester came home from his office with the one desire to go to his bed and stay there. He agreed to grace the dinner table, however, when Mrs. Chester reminded him that their old friends, the Browns, were arriving to stay for a few days. Also, the Hunts were taking an evening train and he *must* speed the parting guests.

"I wish I knew how long the Fraziers are planning to stay. I've no more idea than the man in the moon."

Over the after-dinner coffee cups, Mrs. Frazier threw more light on the subject.

"Mr. Frazier has to be here for two more days. Of course, if you don't want us or if it's inconvenient—"

I must admit that I have had no experience myself in being a Washington hostess, and that my remarks are purely observational. But here are a few suggestions for a start on this code for guests in the nation's capital:

1—Make hotel reservations well in advance. Your friends may not have sofas.

2—Realize that your hostess has seen the Washington Monument thousands of times. Be a lone eagle in your sightseeing.

3—Try not to keep the length of your sojourn a state secret. Remember, others are waiting.

4—Don't consider yourself rude if you're not with your hostess every hour of the day and evening. She may be a hermit who likes to be alone once in a while.

THE END

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AND MORE SAFETY *because of the greater road grip of more non-skid blocks in the center of that famous tread!*

Here's the sensational evidence his search uncovered

YOU have read how detectives shadow criminals half around the world — but did you ever hear of a noted man-hunter pursuing the trail of a tire from coast to coast?

This is the strange assignment that Goodyear gave to Joseph A. Faurot—former head of the Detective Bureau of Greater New York—the man who brought fingerprinting and Bertillon measurements to America, present Chief of Department of Identification, Commercial Crime Commission.

And the tire he trailed was Goodyear's own—the spectacularly successful "G-3" All-Weather.

His relentless search carried him up and down the Atlantic Seaboard—out through the level corn belt country—westward along the old Santa Fe trail—over the Rockies to the Pacific.

Maybe it doesn't make sense at first. But here's the reason:

Goodyear wanted the cold-turkey truth — the unbiased evidence of what this tire has been doing — how it has served the public — how well it has lived up to its test-fleet records of delivering 43% longer non-skid mileage.

. . . quizzed hundreds of car owners, cross-examined gas station attendants, trailed "G-3" All-Weathers from coast to coast to get the cold-turkey truth

Joseph A. Faurot (right), Chief of Department of Identification, Commercial Crime Commission, and pioneer fingerprint expert, was the man chosen to get the facts

What this search revealed

The full transcript of the evidence would fill a book — and fascinating reading you would find it.

But we'll have to take a cross-section here — just pick some typical, run-of-mine reports boiled down for brevity:

Here's one picked up in a Greensboro, N. C. garage. *15,469 miles — tread shows considerable wear—but that's more than 65% better than previous tires in the same locality.*

Here's one from Georgia — *owner an engineer—spotted outside a pecan nut store. Mileage 10,156—tread in good condition—at least 50% better non-skid mileage.*

Or Birmingham, Mich. *13,842 miles. Plenty of non-skid still on tread. Owner estimates 47% better than tire replaced by "G-3."*

Let's try one from Kansas. *District manager for oil company, Topeka. Not a fast driver. Present mileage 35,000. Signs of wear but still plenty of grip. Better by 50% than former tire.*

Here's a light truck—Oakland, Cal. *Garage owner and a hard driver — heavy on brakes. Tread smooth at 20,264 miles — but that's 100% better than former tires delivered.*

"G-3" beats own records!

There, in the blunt, impartial words of a man trained to run down evidence, you have the sequel to a story which started a year ago.

It was the record of test-fleet punishment then — the wreck-them-if-you-can tests by which these great tires were developed.

First — on granite grindstones, Goodyear engineers wore down tread after tread, till they found one that stood up longer than any design ever lasted before.

Then — on the test fleet, drivers pounded over the roads — stomped the gas, stomped the brakes — kept up the killing pace day and night.

Out of those tests came the facts car owners wanted:

Here was a tire built to "take it" on modern fast-starting, quick-stopping cars!

Here was a tire with more grip in the tread — more rubber in the tread —

And a tire that kept its grip — delivering 43% longer non-skid mileage!

Look back now to the reports of Inspector Faurot—based on the greatest test fleet of all—the wheels of millions of cars in the hands of actual users—and you'll see how "G-3" All-Weathers are beating their own records.

What better evidence could you ask that this great "G-3" All-Weather is the tire for *your* car? With the extra safety of tread it gives you another tremendous advantage—the enduring resilience, the added security from blowouts, of patented Supertwist Cord in every ply.

And you don't have to be a detective to discover the best news of all—right on the price tag at any Goodyear Service Station Dealer's you'll find that these vastly better, safer, longer-wearing tires cost no more!

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MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Nearly Beloved

A Sprightly Story of Cave-Man Ways, the Heart of a Dancing Girl, and a Plot in Which the Villain Was Made the Victim

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

BILLY KAY shuts off the phonograph, holds the studio door open for the girl he'd just been rehearsing with, makes a face, and walks over to me. He says, "Terrible!" and I shake my head.

"Not that bad, Billy."

He groans. "Worse. She can dance. They can all dance. But it still don't help."

Maybe I'm not too sympathetic, but I'm his manager, and I understand what he's up against and how it came to be. "You made your bread, Billy. Now you got to eat it."

"You make a guy feel better and better," he snaps. "But it wasn't my fault."

"Says you!"

"Yeah! Says me. Did I divorce Vida or did she do the scramming on her own?"

"Mutual content. So what?" I take a puff, real nonchalant. "Get this under your hat. You're a great ballroom dancer. Maybe the best. But without Vida you're just another raisin in the fruitcake."

"You're telling me. You know, I never realized what this racket was until now. Lots of these dames know their stuff, but Vida and I were different. We had danced together so long and built those trick routines so carefully that they seemed easy. I didn't know how difficult they really were. It'd take me six months to teach 'em to somebody else. Now, if Vida hadn't gone off the deep end—"

"That's your point of view, Billy. She liked Park Avenue and you insisted on being more or less of a mug."

"Oh, yeah? Well, what do you suppose I felt like watching those high-hat guys and dames making a sap outa her? Suppose you were married to a dame that broad-A'd you all over the place and tried to improve your table manners and was always throwing away your best-looking neckties because they was too bright? What would you do?"

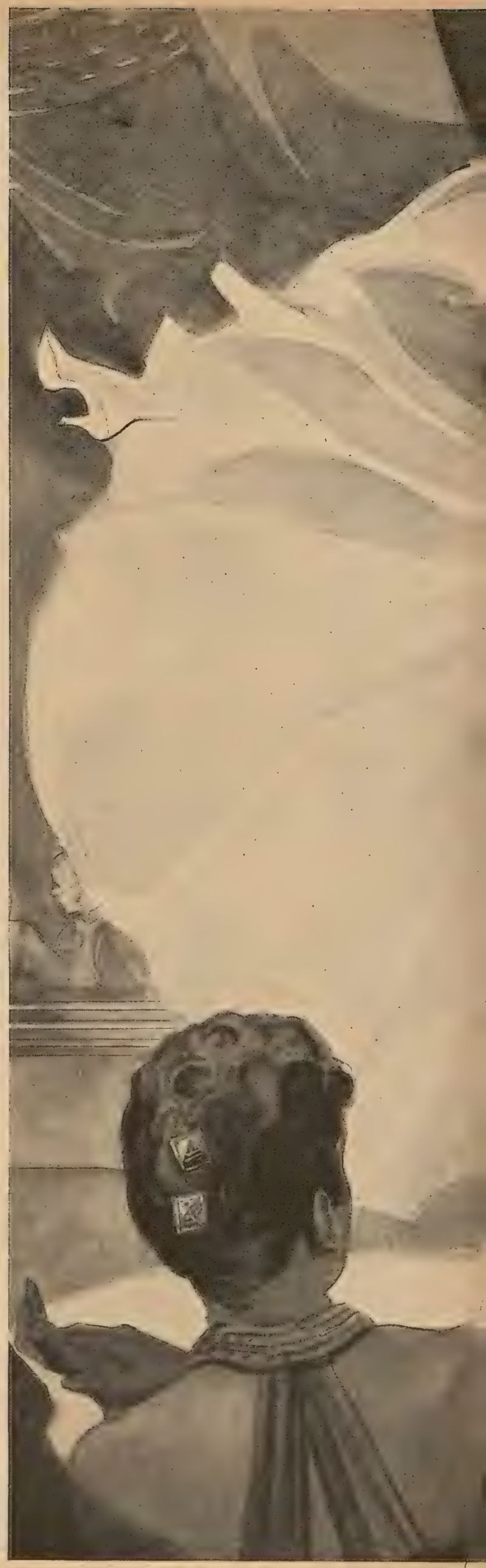
I shake my head. "There was something on her side too, Billy. She wanted to get ahead."

"In what? The society racket. You know as well as me, chief, that you got to be born there. Vida didn't mean any more to them than a pet chimp from the zoo. She was one half of Carson & Kay, the world's most popular dance team. She was young and pretty. She was goggle-eyed over being taken up by them—and never knew that they thought she was just an interesting specimen."

"Ted Warren, for instance," I suggested. "Is that what he thought?"

Billy Kay's face gets reddish. "That bozo! He's like all the rest."

"Meaning what?"



Opening night is a riot. The Spot is in. Carson & Kay a sure draw. Vida's crowd is there, the dames in jewels and lorgnettes.

by

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDGAR McGRAW

"On the make. But it wasn't him alone. It was the whole gang. They liked to be seen with Vida. They liked to dazzle their friends with knowing celebrities. That's the lousy part of this New York supper-club racket. They're all suckers. But that wasn't any excuse for Vida going cuckoo."

"All right," I says soothingly. "Why not quit burning? You and Vida battled so long you can't even lay off now that you're divorced. What are you worrying about?"

"Nothing!" He waxes violent. "I ain't worrying about a thing. I wouldn't buy Vida at a dime a dozen. I'm happy to get her off my hands. She was a sap, and I hate saps. But, gee! she *could* dance."

I shrugged. "And there you are. You're both happy. Carson & Kay ain't no more and you might as well get used to it. At least you don't have to fight day and night. You may not be quite as popular on a ballroom floor, Billy—but you got gobs of tranquillity."

He says, "Skip it! What'm I going to do for a partner?"

"I got a list here—"

"My gawd! More and more of it. For six weeks now I been going screwy looking for the right gal, and what do I get? Nothing! Less than nothing. If there could just come a miracle—"

"So help me," I says, "here it is!"

The door has opened and Vida Carson comes in. She's dolled up to a million and looks like Prosperity stepping around the corner. As a matter of fact Vida never was hard on the eyes: tall and slim and graceful and with a complexion like a guy hopes he's gonna dream about, and a walk

which is and ain't. Billy Kay's jaw has dropped and he seems a trifle white around the gills.

Vida comes forward like it was yesterday and says, "Hello, chief. Howdye, Billy"; and Billy stammers, "Hello, Vida"; and she comes back with, "Now we'll sing 'Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!'"

Billy's got his guard up, suspecting he's about to be taken for a ride, but Vida comes right to the point:

"Having trouble, aren't you, Billy?"

"Me? Trouble?"

"Yes, you. Trouble."

"Wires crossed. I never was happier in my life."

"You look it. Don't he, chief?" She smiled sweetly and said, "Why can't we talk frankly?" Only she said "cahnt" and Billy squirmed.

"We usually do," he answered, "and you know in advance just what I think."

"Naughty! Naughty!" She shook her finger in his face. "Mustn't talk mean. I'm not your wife now."

"Praise be!"

"I'm here on business. You need a partner. Right?"

"Right."

"Here she is." Vida beamed. "Get the low-down on yourself, Billy. As a dancer you're tops. So am I. The team of Carson & Kay means something. So why not reorganize?"

"Me marry you again—"

"Please! *Mister* Kay!"

"Well, what?"

"I'm proposing a business partnership: not marriage. Really, my lad, it was too difficult getting away from you for me to consider stepping back into more of the same." She turned to me. "What do you think, chief?"

I'm wiggling inside. The gal's got a head on her shoulders. Vida Carson and Billy Kay can be booked as a team in any swank ballroom in America, but with other partners they're nothing more than fine dancers.

"It's in the bag," I tell them. "This new jernt, The Spot, is opening next week. It's gonna be a wow, and they're looking for class with a large Q. Lemme offer 'em Carson & Kay and they'll borrow money from the bank."

Billy's eyes have narrowed and he's running his fingers through that blond hair of his. "Is this a gag?" he wants to know.

"Common sense never did give you many headaches," retorts Vida.

"Aw, lay off! It's just that the idea ain't according to Hoyle. Everybody knows we used to be married—"

"I'm trying to forget it."

"Well, so am I. But it's like a hangover."

She smiled sweetly. "Now, Billy! In your mind you're calling me a dirty name but you don't dare say it."

"Oh! I don't—don't I? Well, listen—"

"Break!" I shoved 'em apart. "You're forgetting the court made it illegal for you to do this."

"I'll dance with him," said Vida—"but he's got to remember it's professional."

"And I'm supposed to watch you making a sap of yourself with those top-hats."

"If you look at it that way. Personally, I get very discouraged at times. Living with an egg like you has tainted me."

"Oh, yeah?" Billy always uses that snappy comeback when he gets cornered. "Well, you can trot around with that crummy crowd all you want. What you do is your business and I don't give a damn what happens!"

"You do say the sweetest things, Billy."

IT'S time for me to butt in, so I do. "You two kids gotta understand one thing," I says. "You ain't married any more. If Vida wants to make a bum play, that's none of your business, Billy. Also, if you want to chase around after a few yourself, Vida's got no kick coming."

"But be sure you stick to your own class, darling. Your language is not always genteel."

"Nerts!"

"Which proves it. So, chief—if Billy is willing and you'll fix things up—"

Of course getting them top-lined at The Spot is a pushover. Meanwhile Billy and Vida do a bit of rehearsing, though much isn't necessary.

You see, those two started dancing together when they were kids. They couldn't make a mistake on the ballroom floor if they tried, which is one reason they've got such a rep. They've got a bunch of tricky routines which look easy but which nobody else can imitate. They're young, good-looking, and they wear clothes well.

Of course rehearsals ain't all beer and skittles. That's the way with them. From the day they married they started fighting about things in general. And when they got to be tops, and Vida went society—well, that gave 'em something to really fight about and they didn't miss a bet. Now they're battling again—but politely, if you know what I mean. Vida is so sweet that I want to strangle her and several times Billy almost does.

Opening night is a riot. Food is fair, service on the lousy side of poor, decorations rich, and everybody knows that for a year or so The Spot is in. Bigger and better prices, Carson & Kay for a sure class draw, a couple of other acts to round out an intimate show, a name band, and a good cellar.

Vida's crowd is there, the dames in jewels and lor-

They are silent for several minutes, then Vida says coldly, "When you've finished your little joke, let me know."

gnettes and the gents in tails. Prominent among 'em is this Ted Warren, who ain't a bad guy even if he was born a gent. It's always been a habit of his—hanging around where Vida was dancing—and between shows he has her over to his table.

I'm watching from across the room and the low-down is easy to get. The younger gals at the table are thrilled to be talking with Vida, because careers are fashionable these days and for all they know she might be daughter of some aristocratic old Southern cunnel—which she ain't. The young bucks are planning private telephone calls during the next day or so; the older men are feeling pleasantly guilty and self-conscious; and the fair-and-forty dames have a "how-interesting" expression on their pans. You can see that Vida is with 'em but not in.

Billy Kay is pretending like he don't give three hoots in hades about the setup, and maybe for that one night he don't. But as the engagement goes on and The Spot gets more and more popular and Vida seems to go off her base on the society thing, Billy's ancient peeve returns. He says to me, "Chief, she's making a fool of herself."

"That's what you think, Billy."

"Well, ain't she?"

"This Warren palooka seems to be serious."

"Horsefeathers! He's got ideas."

"Blame him?"

"I'll knock his teeth in."

"You got no right, Billy. Vida ain't your wife."

"Thank God! If she was—"

IT would be better about this time if Billy and Vida wasn't speaking. All of Billy's good resolves have flew out of the window, and the madder he gets the sweeter the words drip from Vida's lips. Like for instance one night when I'm talking to her in her dressing room and Billy crashes the gate.

"Where were you last night?" he demands.

She is very friendly. "Wouldn't you like to know!"

"I do know. You were at that joint up in Westchester with a bunch of stuffed-shirts. They were drunk and raising hell—"

"Not acting like gentlemen, eh, Billy? And you're showing me how they should have done. So what?"

"So you gotta quit it. It ain't decent for my partner to be making a sucker of the act."

"You seem to forget—"

"I don't forget anything. But there's some things I won't stand for."

"Too bad, Billy—too bad."

"Are you telling me? Look; are you sappo enough to think this fair-haired lad wants to marry you?"

"Not at all, Billy. Of course not. He just hangs around to look at you."

Billy takes it on the lam, and thereafter settles into a state of melancholy which could be cut with a knife. As a matter of fact I'm worried, because it is obvious that Billy is think-

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ing, and that is always dangerous for a guy like him. I ask him once can't he get Vida out of his mind, and he says sure he can—he hates her worse than poison. But I'm wise that he's stalling. I know the explosion is coming soon, but I never figure just how loud it's gonna be. Vida tells me the bad news one Saturday night, and I hunt up Billy, who looks as though he had just made first page by biting a dog.

"Smart lad, ain't you, Billy—breaking up the act?"

"Whose business is it, anyway?"

"Mine," I says with some heat. "Ain't I the ten-per-center?"

"Oh, yeah? Well, you can ten-per-cent me with another partner starting two weeks from tonight."

"Not here, Billy. The Spot wants Carson & Kay—not either half."

"I know it. And I told Vida tonight that all bets was off. If she can make the grade alone, that's up to her. But me—"

"Look. Ain't you going at this all wrong? Telling Vida the act was off—"

"I never told her no such thing! I just handed the management two weeks' notice. Vida can do what she wants. I'm the one that's quitting."

"You needn't be so sore."

"I'm sizzling. So go ahead and tell me it's all my fault. Well, what of it? I was a goof to team up with her again after I'd got free. So two weeks from tonight there ain't any more Carson & Kay, and I'm glad of it!"

The two weeks wasn't so hot. The management of The Spot is up in the air, begging me to straighten things out; but there ain't a thing stirring. Billy has gotten up on a high horse and won't mention beans to me or anybody else. Vida seems very happy. She keeps on being sweet to Billy—which drives him crazy—and right up to their last night together she never lets on that maybe she's been cut pretty deep.

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Dancing at the Ambassadeurs in Jean Patou's party was a lovely redhead with two huge orange poppies across the back of her neck. At Maxim's was a whole set of red sweet-pea jewelry—earrings, necklace, bracelet, and ring—to set off a black-lace frock. At the Diner de Paris was an entire cap of blue bachelor buttons.

It is rumored that certain florists are taking weekly contracts for these novelties at fifty dollars per week per customer. DORAMILLER.

BUT that night something happens. They finish their midnight show and Vida joins the table where Ted Warren is sitting alone. I'm at the next perch talking to some of the regulars when Billy strolls across the floor toward me. But before he can sit down Vida calls him.

Well, what can the guy do? He can't ignore her, because that would look bad. So he goes to her table and stands there looking stiff and formal and as uncertain as a guy which has just bit into an apple and discovered half a worm. Vida's voice is like honey: "I wanted you to be the first to know, Billy," she says—too sweet. "Ted and I are going to be married."

Billy's face gets white. He says nothing for a minute and Vida goes on: "We are, really. Next week."

Billy moistens his lips. I'm sorry for the kid. He holds out his hand and shakes with Ted Warren. He says, "Good luck," and they both seem embarrassed.

It isn't until later that Billy lets off steam. He gets me in a corner and asks me do I think it's a gag—or what. I tell him certainly not.

"But, my God!" he says. "Marriage!"

"You married her once, didn't you?"

"That was different. You see, I thought this bird was just chasing her—and I figured she could take care of herself."

"You figured right. She seems to have made a pretty good job of it."

He walks up and down the dressing room.

"It's all my fault," he admits miserably. "I thought if I busted up the act it would run her out of this joint and away from that guy. Instead I've shoved her right into his arms."

"Well," I says soothingly, "you ought to be happy. It'll be a relief not to have her around to make you mad."

With that I walk out, leaving the thought to sink in. But an hour later the subject is reopened, and by a Billy Kay I've never seen before. He looks five years older and grimmer than hell. He asks me please will I have my car at the side door right after the two-o'clock show, with plenty of gas and no comments.

"What's up, Billy?"

"You'll find out!" he snaps. "Just be there—that's all."

I'M there. I wait a while, and then Billy and Vida show up, and she's asking, "What's the big idea?" and he's saying, "I just want to talk to you privately," and she says, "Ted's waiting inside and they're piling the chairs up," and he answers, "Well, maybe he'll be interested."

They get in and Billy says, "Drive north."

"How far north?"

"Till I say stop."

Vida says, "I'm not having any. If you want to talk—that's one thing. Joy riding is something else."

"You're doggone right it's something else," says Billy, and advises me to step on it.

Vida argues, but the windows of the sedan are down and her protests don't get her anywhere. Then she becomes dignified. She says, "I might have expected this sort of strong-arm stuff from an egg like you."

"Yeah," answers Billy, "you might have. And don't tell me again that Ted is waiting, because I know it already."

They are silent for several minutes, with me shoving the old bus up Park Avenue. Then Vida says coldly, "When you've finished your little joke, let me know, will you?"

"And how!" says Billy. "But it won't be necessary to say a word. You'll find out all about it."

Vida calls to me, "Are you in on this?"

"Lady," I says, "I see all, hear all—and know nothing. Besides, I don't care to converse with crazy people."

They start talking in low tones—very angry. But when I cross the Harlem River bridge, Vida raises her voice.

"Now," she says, "we've all had fun and I want to go home."

"How about it, Billy?" I inquire.

He says, "Drive on."

Then Vida: "I'll scream."

"Swell," says Billy. "That'll be just dandy. Grand publicity for a nice genteel dancing act. It'll make good reading for the Warrens and their friends—in the tabs."

That's one on Vida. She ain't relishing any of that sort of publicity at the moment, so she contents herself with calling him a few very uncomplimentary names, some of which don't reflect no credit on his ancestors.

Billy seems to be enjoying it. "You see," he says, "the high sassiety polish comes right off when you get real mad."

A half hour later we're bowling along and Vida demands to be told. Billy's answer is right to the point.

He says, "When I battle with a gal, I want her to be my wife. I'm accustomed to it."

"Well?"

"So we're going to get married. Tonight."

For just a minute Vida don't respond. Then her voice crackles through the car:

"Is this another gag?"

"Wait and see."

"Do you understand," she inquires, "what kind of a louse I think you are?"

"Sure I do."

She says, "Carry on. But get this straight: I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth."

"If I was the last man on earth, you couldn't have me. Besides, I ain't doing this for you. I'm doing it for Art. No bird named Ted is going to break up the swellest dancing act in the world."

VIDA says to me, "Are you good on the witness stand, chief?"

"Count me out," I call back. "Personally, I think you both ought to be spanked."

"That," commented Billy, "might not be such a bad idea. When do I start?"

Then Vida: "Don't you dare touch me!"

"Just in fun?"

"If you put your hands on me, Billy Kay—"

"No stalling," he says; "we been married once."

Vida shuts up like a clam. I hear Bill moving around in the back of the car. Then he says, "Ice! But I love the flavor of your lipstick."

I'm keeping my mouth shut, which seems the proper thing at the time. Then I hear Billy, though he talks very softly:

"Does it make any difference to you, Vida, to know that I'm still crazy about you?"

"None whatever."

"Or that I've been miserable since we split?"

"You better take me home."

His voice sounds vicious: "I will—after we're married."

She says, "You never were right bright. If you think I'm going to marry you, you're crazy!"

Half an hour later—which is plenty late—we're rolling through a sleepy little town and I stop the car in front of a small white house. Billy lets out a squawk and demands to know what's the big idea.

"I'm weary," I says. "My mama never raised her boy to be a chauf-

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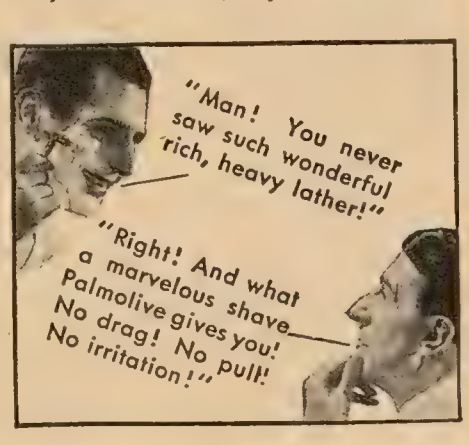
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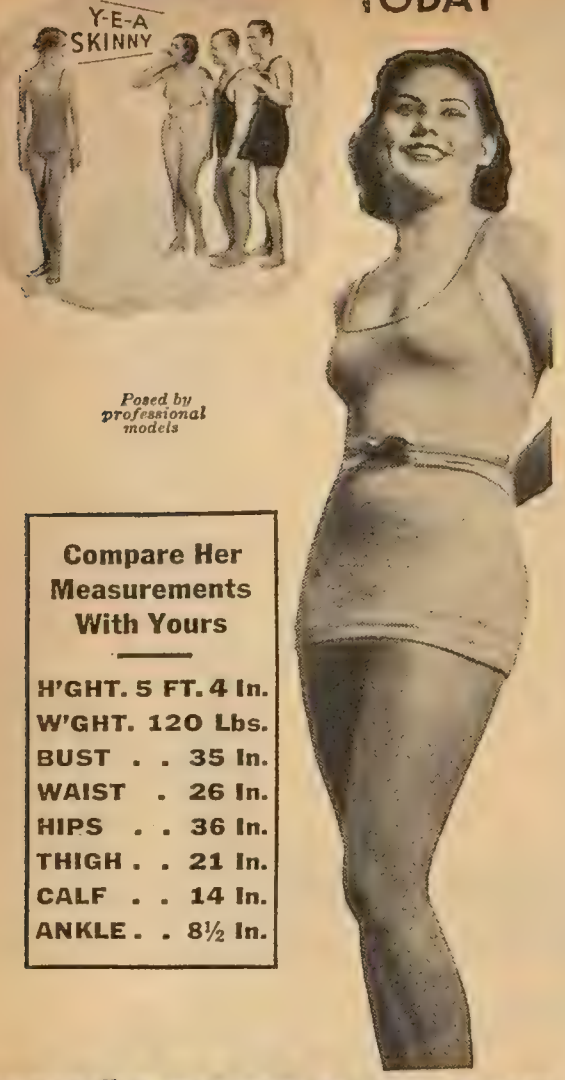

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feur. Besides, if you're on the level, this is where the license clerk lives, and you can't commit matrimony without seeing him first."

Billy says "Oh!" and steps out of the car, dragging Vida after him. They're still quarreling while we wait on the porch for this license bird to wake up and do his stuff.

He is a good guy and doesn't kick too much. In fact, when he hears who it is that can't wait until morning, he says he's pleased to meet 'em and any time he can serve them again he will be only too happy. Billy seems embarrassed, but Vida is quiet and cold.

Pretty soon we are back in the car and Billy announces that we will now locate a preacher to finish what him and the license clerk started. Also he shoots a question at me:

"You know this burg pretty well, don't you, chief?"

I see danger, but there's nothing for me to do but barge ahead and pray for the breaks.

"Never been here but once before, Billy—and then only for ten minutes."

"Then how," Billy wants to know, "did you know where the license clerk lived?"

"Well, Billy, it was this way." I'm starting to flounder when Vida comes to my rescue.

"He's just coming out of the ether, chief," she comments. "Pretty soon he'll begin to suspect that this wasn't done with the aid of mirrors."

Billy demands to know what she is talking about.

"Just this," says Vida. "Knowing that I was going to be eloped with by a sap who would think all he needed for a wedding was a girl, I asked the chief to find out in advance where we could get a license in a hurry."

Silence, and lots of it, while this confession sinks in. Then more silence while Billy does something about it. Two minutes later he starts thinking again.

"Admitting I'm dumb," he says, "I still don't get the setup. I never knew until tonight that I was going to take another chance with Vida, so how did you have time—"

Vida laughs—a happy little laugh that sounds grand for the team of Carson & Kay.

"The chief had plenty of time, Bright Boy," she explains. "Four weeks, to be exact. I told him what was going to happen the day after we teamed up for the second time."

THE END

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

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Professor Davis indicts the system and not the individual. He concludes that the era of capitalism is almost over, even if some decades elapse before the closing finale.

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George Bernard Shaw says JEWS SHOULD MARRY GENTILES

And If He Were Hitler, He'd Make It Compulsory! . . . The Amazing G. B. S. Explodes a New Bomb

IN AN INTERVIEW WITH

DONALD FURTHMAN WICKETS

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 8 SECONDS

LIFE was pleasanter when we met some twenty-five years ago—"

"I guess it was."

Bernard Shaw looked at me quizzically. He stroked his beard. That beard was white. It was red when, more than a quarter of a century ago, H. G. Wells first took me to the old-fashioned private house in Adelphi Terrace where G. B. S. wrote the plays that enticed the world. Today he weaves his enchantments at Whitehall Court, a stone's throw from the Ministry of War and within a stone's throw from the Sphinx that stares into the Thames from the Embankment.

But Shaw's library, the workshop where he makes his golems dance to the magic of his wit, has not changed, and the aged magician is still the same. Unlike Prospero, Shaw will never toss away his wand. His latest play, now produced by the Theatre Guild, is more optimistic than its immediate predecessor. How many rabbits Shaw can still pull out of his beard! How skillfully he juggles with ideas! Sometimes he deals in fireworks, sometimes in dynamite.

"I am afraid that you, Mr. Shaw, are to blame for some of the troubles that afflict the world. Your ideas set people thinking, and cerebration is rarely conducive to comfort."

Shaw did not deny the impeachment. This reminded me of the boy who amused himself by shooting spitballs while the Sunday-school teacher was expounding the first chapter of Genesis. When the teacher interrupted these absorbing activities with the question, "Johnny, who created the world?" the boy stammered with much embarrassment: "I did it, Mr. Teacher—but I promise I'll never do it again!"

G. B. S. is willing to admit that, like Socrates, he has played midwife to many disturbing ideas,

but unlike Johnny he refuses to accept the blame for the mischief that followed.

"Both the Fascists and the Bolshevists," I remarked, specifying my indictment, "are setting the world agog by social experiments which you have advocated in your prefaces and in your speeches."

"They would have saved themselves a lot of trouble," Shaw replied, "if they had read my books more intelligently. Russia especially could have learned a good deal more from me and from Sidney Webb than from Karl Marx."

"Do you think that Russia would have found it unnecessary to doom millions of her people to starvation if she had adopted the Fabian instead of the Marxian gospel?"

"There is," Shaw retorted, "no starvation in Russia. I was in Russia only for a few days, but Herriot on his visit insisted on going to the Ukraine to investigate conditions. He discovered that the stories of starving Russians have been absurdly exaggerated."

"Russia deliberately consigned three million kulaks to death by starvation—"

"You are all wrong. Some Caucasian peasants purposely spoiled their own grain to sabotage the efforts of the Soviet Republic. They were like the Irish rebels in the early part of the nineteenth century who, after being beaten severely in several sanguinary battles, destroyed all the notes of the Bank of Ireland, including their own meager savings, on which they could lay their hands, with the idea of punishing the government. Russia said: 'You have destroyed your bread; you must take your own medicine.'"

"This does not accord with some of the reports from official sources."

"News from Russia," Shaw admitted, "may seem at times contradictory, because the U. S. S. R. has tried the novel experiment of giving complete self-government to its local units. These local bodies are almost omnipotent; they can make the most radical changes and adopt the most extraordinary measures, unless they do something very foolish. If they do, the people above check, dissolve, or liquidate them."

"Liquidation in Russia means capital punishment."

"Not necessarily. However, liquidation by shooting is the simplest way. Russia disregards as a negligible quantity persons indoctrinated with the wrong ideology. Russia knows that she cannot change the kulak, but hopes to make converts of the children."

"What a mad world!" I could not help exclaiming. "The peasants destroy the crops and the government destroys the peasants. Salvation by destruction seems to be the gospel of Russia."

"What right have we to challenge this doctrine? You in America destroy wheat and cotton to achieve economic salvation, while half the world goes naked and hungry and one sixth of your population depends on a dole. In England we hold the same absurd doctrine. We, like you, insist that the best way to reduce the cost of living is to make everything dearer."

"In spite of our most vigorous efforts to diminish our supply of food and clothing, we are still in the midst of the depression. I, too, lost heavily."

"Most of my American friends tell me that they are completely ruined; but they seem to be very proud and pretty cheerful about it. How, by the way, do you make money? Merely by writing, or do you have some way of earning an honest living?"

"Like you, Mr. Shaw, I live by my wits. But tell me, have your royalties declined as a result of bad times?"

"Not much. People still go to the theater. My plays are crowded. Only there is a shift in the audience. Those who were wont to patronize the orchestra now go to the gallery—which is a pity, because they have learned that they can enjoy themselves just as much there. What is the condition of the theater in Germany?"

"In Germany too I found the theaters crowded, in spite of the fact that Jewish playwrights and actors are banned and Hitler's hand lies heavy on the drama."

"There is," Shaw observed, "much to be said for Hitler, but his anti-Semitism is nonsense."

"Anti-Semitism seems to be a concomitant of Fascism."

"By no means," Shaw replied. "The *Judenhetze* is an absurd irrelevance of National Socialism. Anti-Semitism is not natural to Fascism. Anti-Semitism is Hitler's great mistake. Unfortunately, Houston Stewart Cham-

What Weird Nonsense!

—Rabbi Wise

Rabbi Stephen S. Wise of New York, one of the most eminent living Jews, was invited by Liberty to read this article before its publication. Here is his comment.

"What I would do if I were Hitler"—Set Germany free and let my people go! Incomprehensible and almost unintelligible paradox of Shaw, who imagines that he can whip his abhorred England and France into frenzy by seeming, in obviously jesting and contemptuous fashion, to approve of Hitler. And yet, accepting certain premises of Shaw—for example, "liquidation by shooting is the simplest way"—his support of Hitler is inevitable.

Shaw puts it: "There is much to be said for Hitler, but his anti-Semitism is nonsense. His Judenhetze is an absurd irrelevance in National Socialism." No, there is something to be said for Hitler. His anti-Semitism is not nonsense. Given Hitler's purpose to destroy civilization by annulling the normal concepts of justice and liberty and by uprooting religion, and his anti-Semitism is become inevitable—for Semites have been the zealous and deathless guardians of those basic ideals of life which are anathema to the Swastika viewpoint.

It is drivel and not too brilliant drivel to say, as does Shaw, that "Jews have reared ghettos around themselves." The fact is that ghetto walls have always been reared from without; though it is true that Jews, like every decently self-respecting people, have willed to live and not to die.

As for "the boycott proving that Jews have fostered a world-wide conspiracy against the Germans," even Hitler, to say nothing of Shaw, must know better—namely, that the anti-Nazi, not anti-German, boycott is civilization's moral and economic answer to Hitler's challenge.

As for making it a crime, punishable like incest, for a Jew or Jewess to marry any one except a Christian, Mr. Shaw, "quit your kidding!" Marriages are not arranged in just that way. What weird nonsense to urge Aryan-Judean marriages, when these are legally forbidden in the Nazi Reich and the Aryan-Jewish children of such marriages are damned by Hitler, for whom Shaw finds it possible to say much.

"That would improve the race," says Shaw. Which race, Aryan or Jewish? As long as civilized people like Shaw regard Jews as a problem to be solved rather than as a free and equal people, so long will the Hitlers and the Mosleys thrive. Fun is fun, and spoofing is spoofing; but fun becomes obscene ribaldry when the Anglo-Irish sage is content lightly to mock at a company of "assassins and pederasts" who have disposed of their own Bernard Shaws by placing them in concentration camps.

Between interviews, will you not, George Bernard Shaw, consider the fate of the Aryan Mann or the Semitic Einstein, and ask yourself how much is to be said for Hitler?

berlain's Foundations of the Nineteenth Century, with its bogus ethnology, caught Hitler at an impressionable age."

"A stimulating book—" I interjected.

"Yes, most fascinating, if one remembers that its author was a damned fool."

Shaw's eyes gleamed with malicious amusement.

"Hitler," the playwright went on to say, "added to Chamberlain's racial theory the unsound practice of 'keeping the race pure,' instead of insisting upon cross-fertilization."

"I do not think the Jews favor your method. They have the same racial pride as the Germans."

"The Jews are not entirely free from blame if they are misunderstood. They have reared ghettos around themselves. In the beginning there was no great distinction between Christians and Jews, until the Jews emphasized the difference between themselves and the Nazarenes by adopting all sorts of rigmarole which made it impossible for Christians to worship in the same temple.

"However, whatever may be the origin of the unhappy tension existing between Jews and non-Jews, Germany made a great mistake when she set the Jews against herself. They are a clever people, and it is not wise to court their hostility."

"Do you consider the Jewish boycott of Germany very clever?"

"I do not think so. The boycott tends to prove Hitler's point that there is a world-wide conspiracy against Germany fostered by the Jews. And yet, I don't know what they should do. I know, however, what I would do if I were Hitler."

"What would you do?"

"IF I were Hitler, I would make it a crime, punishable like incest, for a Jew or a Jewess to marry any one except a Christian. That would improve the race."

"Is there such a thing as racial purity, in your opinion?"

"Certainly. We have sections in England where the race has been kept undiluted. The product of this policy are good-looking individuals, mainly interested in sports, and perfectly brainless."

"Your new play, The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles, bears on the race question."

"Not directly. It deals with the East and the West and what happens when the twain meet; and it deals with the world at large. The Pitcairn Islanders in my play have preached for generations that doomsday will come next Tuesday. Everybody laughs, but one Tuesday it comes."

"How shall we all fare on judgment day?" I asked somewhat flippantly.

"Most of us will be adjudged perfectly useless, to be cast away by the Potter."

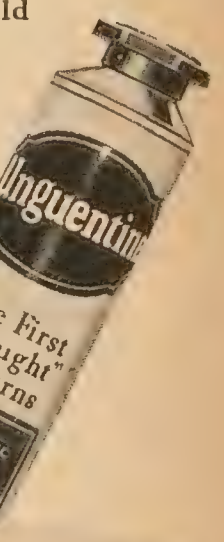
"Would you say that men like Hitler will be adjudged perfectly useless?"

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STAR

THE WORLD'S most famous swimmer has seen a lot of unnecessary sunburn suffering. Johnny Weissmuller can tell you that many people fail to realize that sunburn is a burn like any other burn . . . and should be treated with the tested, proven burn remedy . . . *Unguentine!*

Unguentine, the standard preparation used by physicians for fifty years, not only quickly relieves the pain, but promotes prompt repair of the damaged skin and tissue.

Double action—*relief* and *repair*—that's why there's nothing for burns like Unguentine. *Insist upon getting the genuine.* 50¢.



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Its new and increased sun screening powers keep out just enough of the burn rays to let you tan evenly and handsomely. A beauty treatment for the entire body!
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Unguentine

"No. Hitler, like Mussolini, has a definite function. Several points in his program are sound. On that score I am one with Lloyd George. As a result Lloyd George and I were posted in all the streets of Berlin. There are some issues raised by Hitler on which no sane man, irrespective of race or religion, can disagree with him."

"To what do you ascribe Hitler's rise?"

"It is we, the English and the French, who have created Hitler. Ever since the Peace Treaty of Versailles we have been trying to keep Germany down. That is like sitting on the head of a fallen horse instead of helping it to get up."

"Now," I said, "she insists upon getting up herself."

"Hitler's move will probably be successful," Shaw replied, "because he knows the secret that neither France nor England will go to war to prevent Germany's rearming. Why not, then"—he clasped his hands—"accept the situation?"

"Do you think, Mr. Shaw, Germany has the right to scrap the military clauses of the Peace Treaty?"

"Certainly. She has the right to scrap the entire Peace Treaty. Everybody is arming to the teeth. I would go ahead and tell Germany, 'Go and do likewise.' That would make her position much weaker. If she arms openly, as she proposes to do, she will count her pennies. While she was arming secretly, nothing seemed too dear to express her defiance. While you had prohibition, seventy-five cents did not seem too much for a cocktail. Now that prohibition is removed, you think twice before paying even fifty cents for a drink."

"Do you think that the cult of the colored shirt will spread to England? What are the chances of Mosley and his Black Shirts?"

"I know Mosley. He is bright enough, but English Fascism is too imitative. The Englishman doesn't like Black Shirts. The Englishman prefers a white shirt"—Shaw paused—"at least once a week: every Saturday. To make Fascism popular in England, you must make it English. To make it popular in America, you must make it American."

"It seems," I said, "as if the whole world must pass through some phase of Fascism or Bolshevism."

"Quite likely," Shaw replied. "Though they could avoid many pitfalls if they consulted me. Unfortunately, people learn nothing from the past. They always feel as if they must start from the beginning—as if nothing had happened before they were born."

"My chief objection to both Fascism and Bolshevism is their insistence upon bourgeois morality. National Socialism forbids nudism, and the new Russian penal code punishes polygamy as well as bigamy. In fact, it prescribes severe sentences for various vagaries of personal conduct in the sphere of sex."

"I know," Shaw replied. "Some of these things have been discussed a good deal in Socialist meetings. If Oscar Wilde were tried in Moscow today, the Soviet government might impose upon the author of The Ballad of Reading Gaol a penalty more barbarous than Victorian England did. His penalty under the Russian law might be four or possibly eight years' imprisonment with hard labor.

"However, you may be sure that the Russians are not motivated by moral considerations but by questions of efficiency. They regard as a crime anything that impedes their progress.

"Germany's motive," Shaw continued, "is different. I am not surprised by the moralistic strain in National Socialism. Whenever the middle class achieves power, it cannot refrain from passing a lot of perfectly useless legislation to safeguard morality. England, too, has some very harsh laws, setting heavy penalties upon eccentricities of sex conduct. We are accustomed to look upon these laws as medieval. They are not medieval, but Victorian, and came with popular rule. If I am not mistaken, in the State of New York adultery is looked upon as a crime."

"But the statute is never enforced. Human nature is stronger than rules, and love goes its way, irrespective of laws—"

"You have always placed too much emphasis on the erotic motive," Shaw said sadly. "People would not make so much fuss about love if they had not read so much about it."

"Man cannot live by bread alone, but needs the honey of romance."

"The greater romances," G. B. S. interposed, "are not necessarily physical. Remember my great affair with Ellen Terry. We exchanged the most ardent love letters, but we never met, although she lived only twenty minutes from me."

"If all people had your gift of repression or sublimation, the world would come to an end."

Shaw laughed but did not answer.

I could have induced other arguments, but the white-bearded magician wards off any argument that would

The WORLD of TOMORROW

No. 1—When Taxicabs Have Wings

by RAY CUMMINGS

YOU call a cab to take you home after a busy day at the office. You roll northward on the Hudson River ramp at seventy miles an hour. In six minutes you are nearly there.

The taxi-pilot says, "What was that number, sir?"

You repeat your address. You live in a thirty-five-story apartment house. You can see it now out the cab window, ahead and half a mile to the right. It looms into the twilight sky, towering over the lower buildings surrounding it.

You say, "Roof landing. I haven't a private one." You are apologetic, but the taxi-pilot only nods.

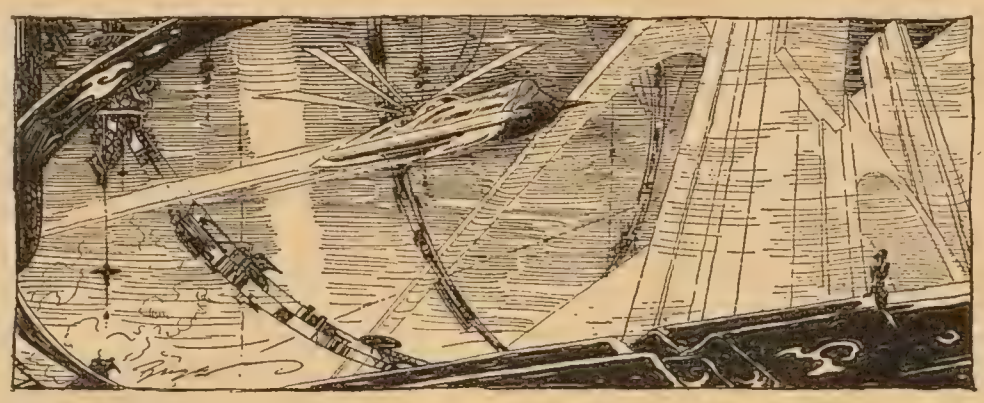
The cab edges skillfully to the right-hand traffic lane. You accelerate up a narrow take-off incline which terminates blankly in midair. The cab-wings and propellers click as they unfold. The motor grinds slightly, then purrs up a crescendo of accelerated revolutions.

Smoothly you are in the air. Rising in a crescent, slowly as the helicopter propeller now unfolds, you descend within another minute almost vertically down to your roof top.

The roof attendant gives you a message from your wife which says that she's sorry but she won't be home for dinner; she is dining at the club, where they are having three-dimensional pictures on The New World Finance.

The roof attendant pays your taxi-pilot, and charges it to you. The fare? Well, for a short ride-flight like that, it was one platinum dollar; which isn't much, if you have plenty of them in the Government bank.

Fantastic? You'll never live to see it? Well, I certainly hope that you do; because I understand that the Government has already given out a contract for the construction of a combination airplane and automobile.



break down his own psychological defenses.

I might have said that the viewpoint of seventy-eight is different from that of twenty, but recollected that I myself am fifty. Moreover, Shaw does not convey the impression of age. Under his white eyebrows his eyes sparkle with eternal fire.

"When I first came to you," I confessed, "I was under the spell of a Father-Jehovah complex, to use a Freudian term. Now you no longer seem so much older than I am. In some respects I feel older and more disenchanted than you."

G. B. S. smiled understandingly.

"Between fifty and sixty is both physically and psychically a man's most critical age. After that one reaches a hardy second childhood. Look at me."

Once more the magician smilingly stroked his beard.

It is difficult not to love Shaw. For all his fuss and fury, he is the most sympathetic of men. Often in the long course of years, when I wrote him flattering letters he did not answer at all; but whenever I was in any trouble he responded at once.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Shaw, when I put this thought into words. "My philosophy is to keep always away from people in trouble."

"It may be your philosophy but it is not your practice."

I CITED some of the things he had done for Oscar Wilde, Frank Harris, and innumerable others; newspapermen out of a job, who came to him for a loan and received an interview worth many times the amount they had asked in money.

Shaw did not wish to hear of this. For the first time in our conversation, he blushed. He does not like to admit that he has a heart.

Like Whitman, G. B. S. is consistent only in inconsistency. Many years ago he told me that he would never come to America, in order not to destroy the Shaw Myth; but come he did, although he spent only a day in New York.

"I neglected New York," he explained, "because I knew that I would be mobbed on my first visit, while on the second no one would pay attention to me at all."

"Then you plan a second visit to the United States?"

"Maybe I shall discover America. Maybe I shall take a trip around the world. It's the only time that I can work in peace."

He looked longingly at the pages of "copy" on his desk.

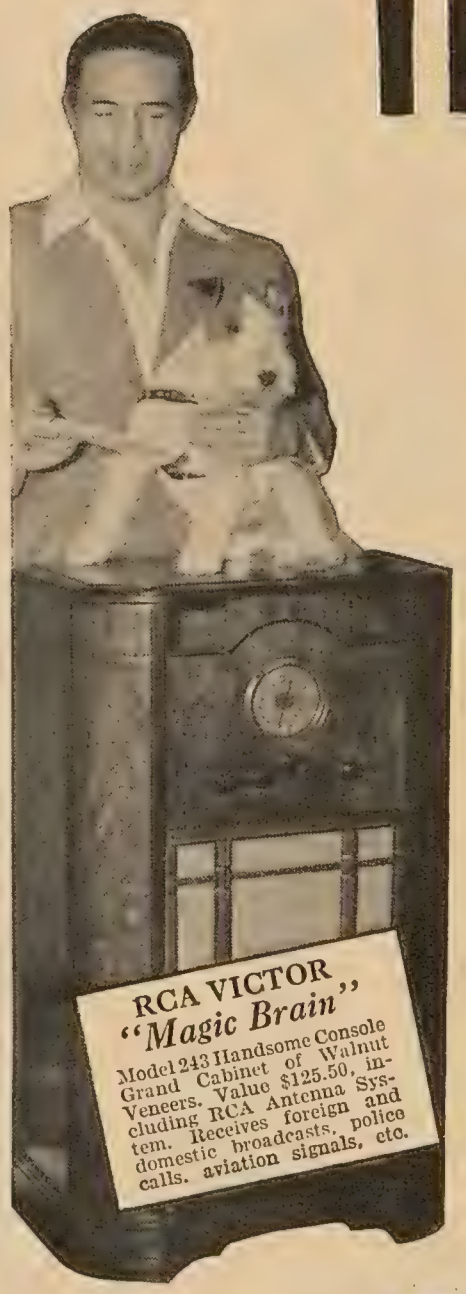
I took the hint and left the white-bearded conjurer to his magic.

He conducted me courteously to the door. As it closed he hurried back to his desk to write out in his small and unmistakable script maybe some letter to the London Times, or maybe some new dialogue in a play that will make the world spin faster in its ceaseless progress toward some unknown goal.

THE END

Name MAX BAER'S DOG

WIN $1000.00 IN CASH


RCA VICTOR
"Magic Brain"
Model 243 Handsome Console Grand Cabinet of Walnut Veneers. Value $125.50, including RCA Antenna System. Receives foreign and domestic broadcasts, police calls, aviation signals, etc.

ALSO THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS WORTH OF 1935 RCA

"Magic Brain" RADIOS AND OTHER PRIZES

ALL you have to do is suggest a winning name for the wiry little he-dog that Max Baer adopted while training for his recent fight.

For the best names received *each week* until July 20th, as explained below, Gillette awards ten of these magnificent $125.50 radios and forty Gillette Aristocrat One Piece Razors, retail value $4.00 each! In all, sixty radios and 240 razors will be awarded.

The Grand Prize of $1000 goes to the person sending in the best name submitted during the entire contest. Hurry! This contest offers you a wonderful opportunity to win big money. Also a chance each week to win an up-to-the-minute, all-wave radio that will bring world-wide entertainment into your home. Read these easy contest rules and enter NOW!

CONTEST RULES

1. Suggest a name for Max Baer's dog. Each name must be accompanied by an empty Gillette "Blue Blade" package. To qualify you must mention the name and address of the dealer from whom you purchased the blades.

2. Each week from June 17th until July 22nd the 10 persons who submit the best names received up to noon Saturday of the preceding week will receive a $125.50 RCA Victor All-Wave 1935 "Magic Brain" Radio including RCA Antenna System.

3. In addition, 40 people submitting the next best names each week will receive a Gillette $4.00 Aristocrat One Piece Razor. At the conclusion of the contest a grand prize of $1,000.00 in cash will be awarded for the name judged to be the most appropriate submitted during the entire contest.

4. Names will be judged for originality, uniqueness and aptness. Judges' decisions are final. No entries returned. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of tie. Everyone is eligible to enter except employees of the Gillette Safety Razor Company and their families, or employees of Gillette's advertising agency and their families.

5. Send in as many names as you wish provided each is accompanied by an empty Gillette "Blue Blade" package and the name and address of the dealer from whom you purchased the blades. If you use Probak blades (another Gillette product), you may accompany your name suggestion with an empty Probak package. All other rules apply.

6. Winners will be announced every Monday night on Gillette's Max Baer "Lucky Smith" broadcast over WEAF and associated NBC stations coast-to-coast.

7. Hurry! Mail your entry now. Submit as many names as you please but be sure to enclose an empty Gillette "Blue Blade" (or Probak) package with each name. Mail your entry to Gillette Safety Razor Co., Dept. LIB, Box 20, Boston, Mass.

GILLETTE BLUE BLADES

LISTEN IN! *Max Baer, heavyweight fighter, stars every Monday night in Gillette radio drama "Lucky Smith". WEAF and associated N.B.C. stations.*

The CASE of the

A NEW CHALLENGE FOR PERRY MASON AS DEATH STRIKES SWIFTLY AGAIN . . .

READING TIME
24 MINUTES 19 SECONDS

WHEN Charles Ashton, caretaker of the Laxter city house, comes to Perry Mason, the lawyer-sleuth, to protect his cat Clinker from poisoning at the hands of Sam Laxter, a number of queer facts come to light.

Grandfather Peter Laxter was burned to death in the fire that destroyed his country house, but a short time prior to the tragedy old Peter had changed his will in favor of Sam Laxter and Frank Oafley, his grandsons, and disinherited his favorite granddaughter, Winifred Laxter. Also, he had converted a million dollars' worth of securities into cash, which had vanished. Though Sam, Frank, and Winifred, together with Mrs. Pixley the housekeeper, Jim Brandon the chauffeur, and Edith DeVoe the nurse, were in the house at the time of the fire, none of them suffered any injury.

Taking up the cause of the cat, Perry Mason is brought face to face with the heirs, Sam and Frank, and their unscrupulous attorney, Nathaniel Smith. If, they say, Ashton and Winifred will sign a paper to the effect that old Peter Laxter was sane and his last will valid, the cat will be unharmed.

Angry at this demand, Mason brings Detective Paul Drake on the job and together they trail Winifred Laxter to a waffle shop she keeps. But too late to prevent the girl signing a statement that Nathaniel Smith has persuaded her into. Into the shop bursts Douglas Keene, her sweetheart, and hotly throws suspicion on Edith DeVoe, the nurse, and also mentions "the Koltsdorf diamonds," which play some part in the Laxter tangle.

To add to the maze, it is discovered by Mason and Drake

Caretaker's Cat

Near the body lay a piece of wood some eighteen inches long which had been used as a club.

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

his car bruised and bleeding from a collision, Winifred phoning from her waffle shop, and Ashton strangled in his bed—with muddy cat-foot prints around him.

PART FOUR—"YOU'RE GOING TO MIX INTO SOMETHING DEVILISH"

BURGER whirled to Glassman. "Keep the people out of this room," he warned. "Get the homicide squad on the telephone. Don't let Sam Laxter out of your sight. I'll stay here and look around."

Glassman whirled, thrust his shoulder against Perry Mason. "On your way," he said.

Mason left the room. Glassman slammed the door shut. "Let me get to the telephone. Oafley, don't try to leave the place."

"Why should *I* try to leave the place?" Oafley demanded indignantly.

"Don't make any statements! Don't make any statements! Don't make any statements!!" Smith pleaded hysterically. "It's a murder! Don't have anything to do with them. Don't—"

Glassman stepped forward belligerently. "You can either keep your face closed," he said, "or I'll button up your lips so they'll stay shut for a while."

Smith scuttled away from him like a squirrel climbing a tree.

"There's no necessity for any such talk," Oafley said to Smith. "I'm just as anxious to help clean this thing up as the officers are. You're hysterical. I think you'd better shut up!"

The party climbed the stairs. Perry Mason, dropping behind, put his lips close to Paul Drake's ear. "Stick

that caretaker Ashton is drawing on a cash-stuffed deposit box, and Edith DeVoe confesses that the night of the fire she saw Sam Laxter pumping carbon monoxide gas into the furnace pipe of the house. Mason gives District Attorney Burger and Tom Glassman, his assistant, these facts. Old Peter's body is exhumed. They go to the Laxter home, find Frank Oafley digging for hidden money, Sam returning in

around, Paul," he said, "and see what happens. I'm ducking."

At the head of the stairs leading from the cellar, Glassman hurried toward a telephone. Perry Mason went out into the rainy night. . . .

The electric sign bearing the legend WINNIE'S WAFFLES was dark. A night light burned over the door. Perry Mason tried the knob. The door opened. Mason closed the door behind him, walked down the passageway between counter and booths, until he came to a swinging door. He pushed the swinging door open. The room was dark. He heard the sound of a woman sobbing. Mason said, "Hello," and a light switch clicked. A table lamp with a rose-silk shade gave soft illumination.

A single bed sat against the wall. There were two chairs, a table, and a bookcase made by the simple expedient of nailing the wooden cases in which canned goods came into tiers and giving them coats of enamel. A door stood partially open and through it Mason could see the gooseneck connection of a shower. On the table, turned so it faced the bed, was a large framed photograph of Douglas Keene.

Winifred Laxter sat on the bed. Her eyes were red from tears. A big Persian cat sprawled contentedly at her side, its head resting against her leg. It was purring audibly.

"What's the trouble?" Mason asked.

Winifred Laxter indicated the telephone with a little hopeless gesture. "And I thought I could laugh at life," she said.

Mason drew up a chair and sat down. He recognized that she was near hysteria, and made his voice casual. "Nice cat."

"Yes, it's Clinker."

Mason raised his eyebrows.

"Doug went out and got it. He was afraid Sam would poison it."

"When?"

"Around ten o'clock. I sent him."

"Did he talk with Ashton?" Mason asked, making his voice sound elaborately casual.

"No. Ashton wasn't there."

"Tell me about it any time you're ready," Mason invited.

"I'm not ready yet." Her voice was stronger now, but there was still that overtone of near hysteria. "I've been sitting here in the dark too long, thinking, thinking—"

"QUIT thinking," he said. "Let's just talk. What time did Douglas Keene leave Ashton's place?"

"Around eleven, I think. Why?"

"He was there about an hour?"

"Yes."

"Waiting for Ashton to come in?"

"I believe so."

"And then he brought the cat here to you?" Mason asked.

"Yes."

"Let's see—when did it start raining? Before eleven or after eleven?"

"Oh, earlier than that—around nine, anyway."

"Can you tell exactly what time it was when Douglas brought you the cat? Have you any way of fixing it definitely?"

"No. I was cooking waffles for the after-theater trade. Why are you asking me all these questions?"

"I was just trying to make conversation," Mason said. "You feel as though I'm too much of a stranger to confide in me right now. Did one of the servants let Douglas in?"

"You mean to the town house? No. I gave Doug my key. I didn't want Sam to know I was taking the cat. Grandfather had given me a key to the house. I'd never turned it back—in fact, I guess there was no one to turn it back to."

"Why didn't you let Ashton know you'd taken the cat? Won't he be worried?"

"Oh, but I telephoned him that Doug was coming after Clinker," she said.

"When?"

"Before he went out."

"What time did he go out?"

"I don't know, but I talked with him over the telephone and we decided, everything considered, that it might be best for me to keep Clinker for a while. He said he'd be there when Doug arrived, for me to give Doug my key so Sam wouldn't know."

"But Ashton wasn't there when Douglas arrived?" questioned Mason.

"No. Doug waited an hour. Then he took the cat and left."

Mason, leaning back in the chair, studied the cigarette smoke which spiraled upward.

"Clinker always sleeps on Ashton's bed, doesn't he?"

"Yes."

"Any other cats around the house?"

"NO. Clinker would chase any cat away. He's insanely jealous, particularly of Uncle Charles."

"Uncle Charles?" he asked.

"I sometimes call the caretaker Uncle Charles."

"Rather a peculiar character, isn't he?"

"Peculiar, but he's a fine man when you get to know him."

"Honest?"

"Of course he's honest."

"Something of a miser, isn't he?"

"He would be if he had anything to save, I guess. He's been around grandpa so long. Grandpa was always suspicious of banks."

"He must have been a peculiar chap."

"He was—very peculiar—and yet very lovable. He had a great sense of right and wrong."

"His will wouldn't seem to indicate that."

"No," she said, "I think under all the circumstances, it was the best thing that could have happened. I think I was pretty much hypnotized by Harry."

"Harry?" Mason asked.

"Harry Inman. He was rushing me to death. Then as soon as he found out I wasn't going to get anything under the will, he fell all over himself taking back everything he'd said. I think he was afraid at the last minute I'd try to marry him in order to have some one to look after me."

"Douglas Keene stayed by you, eh?" Mason asked.

"I'll say he stuck by me. He was a brick. He's the most wonderful boy in the world. I never realized just how much there was to him—you know, words don't mean anything—any one who can talk can use words. Some people can use them better than others. Many insincere people, who have the gift of expressing themselves, can sound more sincere than those who are perfectly loyal."

Mason nodded, waited for her to go on talking.

"I wanted to see you about Douglas," she said. "Something awful has happened and Douglas is afraid I might get involved in it. He's mixed in it himself some way—I don't know just how."

"What's happened?" Mason asked.

"A murder," she told him, and began to sob.

Mason moved over to the bed, sat down beside her, and put his arm around her shoulders. The cat looked up at him appraisingly, flattened its ears slightly, then slowly relaxed, but did not resume purring.

"Now take it easy," Mason told her, "and give me the facts."

"I don't know the facts; all I know is that Douglas rang up. He was frightfully excited. He said there'd been a murder and that he wasn't going to let me get dragged into it; that he was going to skip out and that I'd never see him again. He said that I was to say nothing, and answer no questions about him."

"Who was murdered?" Mason insisted on knowing.

"He didn't say."

"How did he think you might be dragged into it?"

"Just through knowing him, I guess. It's all too silly. But I think it's all mixed up with grandfather's death."

"When did he telephone you?"

"About fifteen minutes before I telephoned you. I tried to locate you every place I could think of—your office and your apartment. When I couldn't get any answer I decided to call Uncle Charles. He'd told me you'd telephoned him something about Sam and the district attorney, and I thought he might hear from you again."

"Did you," Mason asked, "know that your grandfather was murdered?"

She stared at him with wide eyes. "Grandfather? No."

"Did it impress you there was anything peculiar about the manner in which the house burned?"

"Why, no. The fire seemed to have centered right around grandpa's bedroom."

"Let's come back to the cat for a minute," Mason said. "He's been with you ever since around eleven o'clock?"

"Yes—shortly after eleven, I guess it was."

Perry Mason nodded, picked up the cat, and held it in his arms.

Staring steadily at Winifred, he said slowly, "Charles Ashton was murdered sometime tonight. I don't know yet exactly what time. He was strangled, probably after he'd gone to bed. There were muddy cat tracks all over the counterpane and over the pillow; there was even a track on his forehead."

She got to her feet, staring at him with wide eyes. Then she opened bloodless lips and tried to scream.

No sound came.

Perry Mason dropped the cat to the bed, took Winifred in his arms, stroked her hair. "Take it easy," he told her. "I'm going to take the cat with me. If any one comes to question you, refuse to answer, no matter what the questions are."

She slid from his arms, to sit on the bed. "He didn't do it," she said. "He couldn't have. I love him. He wouldn't hurt a fly!"

"Can you buck up," Mason asked, "until I can get rid of Clinker?"

"What are you going to do with it?"

"I'll find some place where we can keep it until things blow over. You see what it means, having the cat tracks on the bedspread. It means the cat was there after the murder was committed."

"But it's impossible," she said.

"Of course it's impossible," he told her, "but we've got to make other people see that it's impossible. The question is, can you be brave enough to help me?"

She nodded silently.

PERRY MASON picked up the cat and started for the door.

"Listen," she told him, as he put his hand on the knob of the door, "I don't know if you understand, but you must defend Douglas. That's why I telephoned you. You must find him and talk with him. Douglas isn't guilty of murder. You must prove he isn't and not let him sacrifice himself. You do understand what I mean, don't you?"

"I understand," he told her. His face was very grave.

She came to him and put her hands on his shoulders.

"I haven't much," she said. "I'm building up a good business here. I can make my living, and I can make more than my living. I'll pay you by the month. I'll give you anything that I make. You can have the business and I'll run it for you without any salary except just what I need to eat, and I can live on waffles and coffee, and—"

"We'll talk that over later," Mason interrupted. "The thing to do now is to find out where we stand. If Douglas Keene is guilty, the thing for him to do is to plead guilty, and plead whatever extenuating circumstances there may be."

"But he's not guilty. He isn't; he can't be."

"All right, if he isn't, then the thing for you to do is to get rid of this damn cat. Otherwise *you'll* be tied up with the murder. Do you understand?"

She nodded silently.

"I've got to have a box or something."

She ran to the closet and picked up a big hatbox. She jabbed her finger through the pasteboard top, making little breathing holes.

"I'd better put him in," she said. "He'll understand if I do it. Clinker, this man is going to take you with him. You must go with him and be a nice cat."

SHE put the cat in the box, stroked it for a moment or two, then gently put on the cover. She whipped a piece of string about the cover, tied it, and handed the box to Perry Mason.

The lawyer, holding the hatbox by the string, smiled reassuringly at her and said, "Stay right here. Remember, don't answer questions. You'll hear from me after a while."

She held open the door of the bedroom. Mason walked to the outer door, opened it, and pushed his way out into the wind and rain. The cat in the box stirred uneasily.

Mason put the hatbox on the seat of his convertible coupé, climbed in behind the wheel, and started the motor. The cat miaowed a faint protest.

Mason spoke to the cat reassuringly, drove the car for several blocks, then swung in close to the curb by an all-night drugstore. He parked the car, got out, and, picking up the hatbox, walked into the drugstore, where the clerk eyed him curiously.

Mason put the box down on the floor of the telephone booth and dialed the number of Della Street's apartment.

A few minutes later Della Street, with a robe thrown over silk pajamas, sat on the edge of her bed and watched Perry Mason untying the cord around the hatbox.

"Getting me out of bed at one o'clock in the morning to show me the latest in hats?" she inquired.

He pulled the cover from the box. Clinker got to his feet, arched his back in a long stretch, yawned, sniffed the air, raised his forepaws to the edge of the hatbox, and leaped out to the bed. He sniffed Della Street inquiringly, then curled into a fluffy ball by the side of her leg.

She ran her fingers around the cat's ears.

"I think that's something of a compliment," Mason told her, "the way he takes to you. As I remember it, there are few people he likes."

"Going to use him as a playmate for the caretaker's cat?" she asked.

"He *is* the caretaker's cat."

"Why not leave him with the caretaker, then?"

"The last time I saw the caretaker, he was dead. His face wasn't pretty. There were muddy cat tracks all over his bed."

She stiffened to attention. "Who did it?" she asked.

"I don't know."

"Who do the police think did it?"

"I don't know. I don't think they do, yet. There's some evidence indicating the caretaker had something like a million dollars in currency in his possession. Some of it may have been locked in a safety deposit box; again, the safety deposit box may have been a blind. People will do a lot for a million dollars. Then there are some rather valuable diamonds. Ashton may have had them. I've located the green sedan that followed Ashton from our office. It's in the garage at Peter Laxter's town house."

"Whom do we represent?"

"The boy friend of a girl who runs a waffle parlor."

"How did you get this cat?"

"It was given to me."

Perry Mason smiled quizzically into the girl's eyes. "By whom?"

"The waffle girl. But we're supposed to forget that."

"You mean you want me to keep the cat here?"

"If you have some friend who can keep it, it might be better than to have it here. The police may be looking for it. I have an idea the cat will figure in that murder."

"Please," she pleaded, "don't jeopardize your professional standing mixing into this case. Let it go. Sail on that liner for the Orient. After some one gets arrested go ahead and defend him if you want to, but don't get involved in the case itself."

There was something maternal and tender in her eyes.

Perry Mason reached out, possessed himself of her right hand, and patted it.

"Della," he said, "you're a good kid. But the stuff you want just isn't in the cards. I could get a swell rest on that liner to the Orient for just about three days, and then the inactivity would drive me crazy."

"And you think this young man you're representing will be accused of the murder?"

"Probably."

"He hasn't paid you any retainer?"

Mason shook his head.

"How do you know this chap is innocent?"

"Only from the impression he made on me when I met him," said Mason thoughtfully.

She got to her feet. "I worry over you as a mother worries over a wayward child. You're a combination of kid and giant. I know you're going to mix into something devilish, and I feel like saying, 'Don't go near the water.'"

He moved toward the door. "Take good care of the cat," he said. "Don't lose him. His name's Clinker."

He gently closed the door, walked down the corridor to his waiting cab, and gave the address of Edith DeVoe's apartment.

The outer door of the apartment house was locked. Mason pushed his finger against the button opposite Edith DeVoe's apartment, held it there for several seconds. There was no answer. He took a key container from his pocket, selected a skeleton key, hesitated for several seconds, then tried Edith DeVoe's bell once more. When there was no answer, he inserted the key in the lock and, after a moment, clicked the bolt back and entered the apartment house. He walked down the corridor to Edith DeVoe's apartment and tapped gently on the door. When there was no answer, he stood for a moment in frowning concentration, then tried the knob of the door. The knob turned, the door opened, and he stepped into a dark room.

"Miss DeVoe," he said. There was no answer.

Perry Mason switched on the light.

Edith DeVoe lay sprawled on the floor.

THE window which opened on the alleyway was open two or three inches at the bottom. The bed had not been slept in, and the body was attired in pajamas of very thin silk. Near the body lay a piece of wood some eighteen inches long. One end was splintered, and near the other end was a telltale red stain.

Perry Mason, closing the door carefully, stepped forward and peered down at the body. There was a wound in the scalp near the back of the head.

The piece of wood which lay near the body had evidently been used as a club. The edges were neatly sawed. The wood was highly polished, and about an inch and a half in diameter. A fingerprint appeared very plainly imprinted in the red stain at the upper part of the wood. The varnish at the lower end was blistered.

Mason looked swiftly about the apartment. He stepped to the bathroom. It was empty, but a bloodstained towel lay on the washstand. He walked to the fireplace.

There were ashes in the grate, and it was still warm. Mason looked at his watch. It was one thirty-two. Rain had drifted in through the opening in the window.

Mason dropped to his knees beside the sprawled figure and felt for a pulse, listening for breathing.

He arose, crossed to the telephone, placed a handkerchief around the receiver so he would leave no fingerprints, and called police headquarters. Speaking rapidly, in a mumbling undertone, he said, "A woman is dying from a blow on the head. Send an ambulance."

He gave the address in the same mumbling undertone and hung up.

Mason polished the doorknob with his handkerchief, rubbing both inside and outside surfaces; then he switched off the lights, stepped into the corridor, pulled the door shut behind him, and started for the front exit of the apartment house.

As he passed an apartment, he heard a man laugh, the sound of clinking chips.

MASON walked on down the corridor. As he reached the lobby, he heard an automobile pull up to the curb. He hesitated for a moment, standing just back of the street door; then he opened the door a crack and peered out.

Hamilton Burger had just stepped to the sidewalk and had his back turned to Perry Mason, watching Tom Glassman get out of the car.

Mason stepped back, gently closed the door behind himself, turned and walked down the corridor. He paused at the door where he had heard chips rattling, and knocked.

After a moment the door opened a crack, and a man's voice said, "Who is it?"

Mason smiled affably. "I'm in the adjoining apartment," he said, "and your poker game is keeping me awake. How about getting some sleep, or, if the limit isn't too high, letting me in? I don't care one way or another."

The man hesitated a moment. A booming masculine voice from the interior of the room called, "Open the door and let him in. We can use another player."

The door opened and Mason entered the room. Three men were grouped around a table.

Mason took twenty dollars from his wallet. "Could you fellows use twenty dollars of outside money?" he asked.

"Could we," grinned the man with the booming voice. "It would be like manna from heaven. Sorry we kept you awake. Didn't know you could hear us."

"That's all right. I'd rather play poker than sleep, anyway. Mason is my name."

"Hammond's mine," said the man who had admitted him.

The others introduced themselves.

Mason drew up a chair, took chips, and heard men walking down the corridor toward Edith DeVoe's apartment. Some fifteen minutes later, when he was twelve dollars and thirty cents ahead of the game, he heard the low moan of a siren, and shortly afterward the clang of an ambulance bell.

The players looked at each other in dismay.

"Guess we'd better cash in," Mason said, "and get the evidence out of sight."

One of the men looked at him accusingly. "You aren't by any chance a detective, are you?"

Mason laughed good-naturedly. "No chance," he said. "I don't think they're coming here, boys."

The men paused to listen. They could hear the sound of steps shuffling along the corridor. Hammond took his coat from the back of the chair, thrust his arms into it, and said, "Okay, boys. Let's call it quits until next week. It's time to break up, anyway."

Mason stretched and yawned as he cashed in his chips. "Think I might as well go out now and get a waffle and a cup of coffee," he observed.

"I have a car out here. How about giving you a lift?"

Mason nodded. They left the apartment together. Two

police cars and an ambulance were drawn up in front of the curb. . . .

Perry Mason unlocked the door of his private office and switched on the lights. He looked at his wrist watch, crossed to the telephone, dialed the number of the Drake Detective Agency.

After a few minutes, finger tips tapped gently on the panels of the corridor door. Perry Mason opened it, and Drake grinned a greeting.

"Get the dope, Paul?" asked Mason.

"Pretty much of it."

"What happened after I left?"

"Lots of detail stuff. They quizzed Smith. He wouldn't tell who tipped him off the body had been exhumed, so I rang up Smith's secretary and told her I was in a jam on a murder charge and had to see Smith right away. She was expecting Smith to telephone any minute. She said that some one had given him a hurry-up call about an hour before I telephoned. She didn't know the exact nature of the case he'd gone out on, but understood it was a murder case."

"Then it wasn't a tip on this body-digging."

"Apparently not."

Mason, holding his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, drummed silently on his chest with the tips of his fingers. "In other words, Paul, you mean that *after* Smith had received that mysterious telephone call, he went out and contacted some one who wanted him to rush to Laxter's house."

Drake said, "Why not? Stranger things have happened. You don't think that Smith just put in an appearance because he thought his clients should know the body had been exhumed, do you?"

"Probably not," said Mason. "What else?"

"Did you know that Frank Oafley and Edith DeVoe were married?"

MASON paused in his pacing back and forth across the office. His eyes were thoughtfully attentive.

"Four days ago," Drake said, "they took out an application for a marriage license. Then they got a marriage license today."

"How did they keep it quiet?"

"They gave phony residences. Oafley went to an apartment house, rented a bachelor apartment for a few days."

"How do you know they're married?"

"Oafley was calling a minister and arranging to meet him at a certain place. The housekeeper kicked through with that information—to me, not to the officers."

"Did you find out the name of the minister?"

"Milton's the name. I got his telephone number."

Mason resumed his pacing of the room.

"Sam Laxter wasn't near the house all the evening. He showed up after the police had arrived. Frank Oafley was away until about eleven, and then he came in. Ashton was killed right around ten thirty."

"How do they fix the time?" Drake asked.

"A lot of ghoulish stuff that autopsy surgeons specialize in. They know what time he ate dinner, and they can tell the extent to which digestion had progressed."

Mason reached for his hat.

"Come on, Paul, we're going places."

Mason led the way to the elevator. "Got a car here?"

"Yes."

"We're going to 3961 Melrose Avenue. I've put my car away."

The detective repeated the address musingly, then said, "That's where Douglas Keene lives."

"Correct. Are the police investigating him?"

"Not particularly. They're just rounding up names and addresses, and I made notes. Boy friend of Winifred's, isn't he? There was another one named—let me see—" He thumbed through the pages of his notebook and said, "Inman—Harry Inman."

"Check," Mason said. "Let's go. We'll take your car."

Why the sudden and secret marriage of Edith DeVoe—and her equally swift murder—on the same day? And what part has Douglas Keene played in the strangling of Caretaker Ashton? Read the next issue of Liberty for further astounding disclosures.

Don't let 'em tell you otherwise . . . summer sun does have a drying effect upon the natural oils of the hair and scalp. If you value the lustre and general good health of your hair, take proper precautions to protect it from becoming sunburned, and dry. Every morning before combing, apply a very little 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic with the palms of the hands. This will act as a protective film, keep unruly hairs in place, and highlight the hair becomingly. At least once a week give your scalp a thorough 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic workout and shampoo. These Tonic treatments cleanse and tone the scalp, keep the glands normal and active, promote an abundant hair replacement. Barbers recommend 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. It comes in two sizes of shaker-top bottles.

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HOLLYWOOD WOMEN

ADALYN DOYLE

A Tribute to Those Who Work Outside the Magic Circle . . . They Build Success for the Stars!

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

EDITH HUBNER

ANNA ATKINS

BEHIND the thrones of Hollywood's kings and queens, beyond the glare of klieg lights and sun arcs that reveals their work to the world, is a great army of women who day in and day out contribute their time and toil to the success of the stars. These inconspicuous workers make no pretentious claims to credit or recognition. Theirs is the happy lot of the humble who find contentment in service.

Into this class come stand-ins, hairdressers, masseuses, secretaries, mothers, and wives.

A stand-in is a person who literally stands in the place of the star while electricians, cameramen, and directors are setting lights, focusing lenses, rehearsing camera movement, or trying out dramatic effects. Her salary is $35 a week, for which she works at least eight hours a day. She is supposed to resemble the star in height and figure, although not necessarily in features.

Rarely does a stand-in get her "break" for a more important job, rarely is her name mentioned in the public prints. Who, for instance, ever heard of a tall slim blonde named Chris Maria Meeker, who saves the great Garbo many hours of being on her feet? Or of Jane Clark, who does the same for Kay Francis? Or Lillian Kilgannon, the beautiful stand-in for Mae West? Babe Cain for Ginger Rogers? Adalyn Doyle for Katharine Hepburn?

The relationship between Hollywood actresses and their beauticians is unique. In New York a well groomed woman treats her hairdresser or manicurist with the same casual politeness she might show toward a servant. In Hollywood, the hairdresser is a close personal friend. The stars realize fully how much their success depends on beauty and how much their beauty depends on these girls. It is not at all unusual to see one of the beauty-parlor operators having lunch with a star whose hair she has just waved. Or to meet a similar pair strolling down Fifth Avenue. Sometimes a trip East is given in sheer gratitude, other times it is motivated by the star's fear of entrusting her precious head to an unfamiliar operator.

After a hard day's work in shop or studio the girls often will cheerfully sacrifice their evenings, break personal dates if necessary, to go long weary distances to Santa Monica, Brentwood, or Beverly Hills if one of their clients needs to be beautified for an evening party or an interview with a casting director.

The famous "platinum" shade of Jean Harlow's hair is achieved by the careful and regular attention of a girl named Jenny.

In Claudette Colbert's earlier pictures she wore her hair back over the forehead and behind the ears, which accentuated naturally broad cheeks. Lenore Benton, a skilled waver, suggested long bangs and a wave to come down over the cheeks. The result was a vertical effect which narrowed Claudette's face about two inches.

A middle-aged German, Edith Hubner, has coifed most of the Metro stars for fifteen years. She has worked on Garbo's hair since that alluring person first came from Europe.

You'd be amazed by what skillful fingers can do to a face. Take Marlene Dietrich, for example. Her natural brows are arched, but the natural curve was plucked out entirely and replaced by a thin up-swerve of the pencil, giving her the alien mysterious look which her public finds so attractive.

The work of the masseuse can only be appreciated by deduction, for hers is a labor of elimination. She pats and pounds and beats until surplus fat disappears. Yet at times the hands are gentle, to soothe screaming nerves or relax tired muscles.

A Swedish masseuse named Anna Atkins is responsible for many screen contracts. Katherine De Mille, one of the new younger players, after dieting and doctoring to get rid of superfluous weight, was sent to Atkins. The efficient good-natured Swede remolded the girl's body to fit studio requirements, and the result was a much coveted contract. Garbo visits the Atkins salon regularly for the relaxing effect of cabinet baths and massage.

If a girl is new in Hollywood, without funds or friends, Mrs. Atkins will work on her for nothing, with the understanding that if a contract comes along she will be repaid. Rarely has her faith been misplaced.

Dressmakers would seem to deserve a place here, but this is a story of women, and believe it or not, most of the studio designers and dressmakers are men.

Secretaries, business and social, are the buffers against an importuning world of movie-mad fans.

Business secretaries must be judicious and tactful, must know whom to admit to the sacred presence and

NOBODY KNOWS

by

CLARA BERANGER

CAROL PRADEAU

LELA ROGERS

MRS. WARREN WILLIAM

whom to dismiss, must learn to say "no" with perfect courtesy.

They know every detail of the boss's business (and monkey business), what he makes and what he spends, and perforce on whom he spends it.

Social secretaries plan parties, hunt for and furnish houses, buy clothes, write letters, and attend to the numerous details of extra-studio life. A Mexican girl, Carol Pradeau, is Myrna Loy's secretary and second self. The good-natured Madelaine Fields, who weighs almost 200 pounds, is responsible for the smoothness of Carole Lombard's dinner parties and entertainments. Gladys Young has been with Constance Bennett for eight years as secretary, companion, and close friend.

Mothers of stars happily sacrifice themselves in humble service to their gifted children. If success comes, they are rewarded with reflected glory, or with the luxury of magnificent homes, motorcars, all the various symbols of wealth.

The road to fame for the mother of ambitious fledglings is long and wearisome. She scrubs, washes, irons, and sews to keep her offspring clean and fit. She lives in gloomy rooming houses or cheap hotels. She sits for hours in smoky ill-ventilated waiting rooms, fights for opportunities with managers.

Edith Shearer, mother of the talented and beautiful Norma, is just such a great modest retiring soul. Mr. Shearer lost his money when the girls were still in their teens and it became necessary for them to earn their living. They decided to try their luck in pictures. When the purse shrank to alarming thinness, Mrs. Shearer, accustomed all her life to luxury, lived with her two girls in one dingy lodginghouse room. She cooked over a gas burner, dried laundry over a bathtub, and did all the sordid little things that poverty demands. She went further and added materially to the budget by taking a position in a dress shop.

After Norma was a successful star, and particularly after she became the wife of Irving Thalberg, the producer, Mrs. Shearer's job was ended. For although Norma is still devoted to her mother and sees her constantly, she has no further need for her as guide and adviser.

Lela Rogers went through the same sort of struggle to make a place for the red-haired Ginger, to groom her for her great opportunity. Dauntlessly she battled first Broadway, then Hollywood. When Ginger was a recognized star, Lela Rogers determined not to suffer the emptiness that follows achievement. Today she devotes all her time to giving other ambitious youngsters a chance for success.

Hollywood has been called "the wrecker of marriage." Its feverishly high voltage seems to burn out the good old virtues of steadfastness and loyalty. It takes a strong sane woman to hold a husband in Hollywood, particularly if he is a popular star. She has to fight not only gossip and slander, but a much more subtle element—the envy of other women. That often she loses is evidenced by the many divorces in Hollywood.

More pathetic than the jilted wife is the wife who carries on in public after love has gone, because her husband asks her to remain to protect him from scandal that might damage his career. She goes to parties, to screen openings, to all public functions with him. She gives out interviews about her happy marriage which somehow has miraculously survived all the Hollywood temptations. Back home she weeps her heart out.

Then there is the wife who has to stay in the background because the public must not know that a male star is married lest it hurt his appeal to feminine fans.

There are many such self-effacing wives in Hollywood. Last year when Paul Muni was about to embark with his wife for a trip to Europe, a newspaperman snapped a picture of them together and published it. Never before had Mrs. Muni been photographed with her husband.

George Raft was heavily publicized as a fancy-free bachelor, and his wife was kept hidden until in sheer annoyance George gave out the truth. He has been married fourteen years and has a twelve-year-old son.

Have you ever heard of Helen Nelson, the wife of Warren William? Of Marjorie Kummer, Roland Young's wife, or Enid LaMonte, who is Mrs. Victor McLaglen, or Gizelle Benes, who is Mrs. Paul Lucas? I could name dozens more. There are still many wives in Hollywood who work quietly to give to the romantic stars who happen to be their husbands all the unromantic wifely little attentions that a man adores.

To all these humble unknown women of Hollywood let us offer the tribute of recognition. They deserve it.

THE END

We Must All Work

by

BERNARR MACFADDEN

The Publisher of Liberty

Replies to Last Week's Article

by the Head of the American Federation of Labor

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

WILLIAM GREEN, the iron man of the labor world, presents his viewpoint forcibly and clearly in an article appearing in last week's, the June 29 issue of Liberty.

As a worker whose services have extended over more than half a century and whose hours of labor have never been limited, the writer gives way to no man in his keen admiration for this great labor chief. He is a man among men. He has fought for labor and better conditions among workers with the fervor of a fanatic. And his efforts are usually intelligently directed.

But he sees only one side of the question. And he could not be expected to see the other fellow's viewpoint. His training through long years of hard work has been devoted to the evils from which the workers suffer, and naturally their faults are minimized while the defects of employers are tremendously multiplied. He has depended on the NRA to protect labor in all unfair measures that have been brought about by unfair competition added to the undue selfishness of employers.

The one outstanding mistake that the labor chief is now making is his universal distrust of business leaders. They are always robbing the worker; they were in possession of unlimited power. And that viewpoint was entirely accurate in bygone years.

But it is no longer operative. Capital has been taught some severe lessons through the combined efforts of unionism. And capital in nearly every instance at this time is willing to be reasonable—in fact, in many instances more than reasonable.

The depression brought ruinous losses. It compelled employers, hundreds of thousands of them, to face the bankruptcy courts. And those that remain are usually in a humor to compromise; they are willing to give labor a fair share of the profit. But you can hardly blame them if they try to avoid bankruptcy through reductions of wages. In fact, such a procedure, if it had been allowed by the leaders of unionism during the depression, would have saved the jobs of literally millions of employees.

The situation in business is such at this time that labor and capital should get together, should become partners and work out their problems, to their mutual profit if each side would be reasonable. There is hardly a huge organization that would not be willing to open their books, allow the accountants representing labor in their organization to look over their records and ascertain their financial status with a view to determining the wage rate their company could afford to pay.

The labor chief distrusts business leaders. But in accordance with his belief in the efficiency of the NRA he puts his trust entirely in political leaders.

No one doubts the fine purposes of the NRA, but its effect was to give politicians control of business, and ultimately they would have had control of labor too. The NRA was put out apparently for the purpose of harnessing the labor vote. But if the politicians really wanted to protect labor, there is a simple and a far more effective measure than doing it through such unified control.

No business organization can pay labor beyond a stipulated amount of their gross receipts. They cannot continue business without a profit. If the politicians had the interest of labor at heart and at the same time a reasonable understanding of business management, they would have considered every business organization as a separate unit. And they would have created regulations that would have compelled business executives to give labor a stated percentage, say 50 per cent, distributed pro rata, of the profits each year over and above 6 per cent, a fair return for capital. That would have safeguarded the rights of labor effectively and definitely and would have harmed no business organization. And representatives of labor in every organization, having access to the accounts, would have been able to determine whether or not it was desirable for them to reduce wages in order to save their employers from bankruptcy.

Such a policy would have saved the jobs of literally millions of workers during the depression.

And what has the NRA done for us? We all accepted it as an emergency expedient. We were willing to try anything. And everybody stood by and boosted this revolutionary measure with the hope that it would succeed. But it raised the price of everything to such an extent that the employees everywhere at the present day, even counting the increases they have received, are receiving less wages—in buying power—than they were paid during the worst years of the depression. They may be securing higher wage rates in dollars and cents, but in buying power they are receiving less. This fact stands out with startling significance and cannot be denied.

We say there are more people employed. Even this statement can be doubted. The relief rolls have grown greater year by year and month by month. In some localities there has been improvement, especially in the South, where they are profiting by the artificial price which the government has placed on cotton—and which, by the way, is a dangerous procedure. We must not forget the artificial price placed on wheat, which, after the government support was removed, went down to the unprecedented price of 25 cents per bushel. And who knows how long the government will maintain the artificial price on cotton?

Together, Mr. Green

Now, our good friend Mr. Green is mightily impressed with collective bargaining. And there is no legal reason why the members of his labor organization cannot enjoy this privilege. But the same privilege should be allowed to other labor unions and the same privilege of bargaining should be allowed to individual workers. Mr. Green is apparently of the opinion that the American Federation of Labor should have the privilege of collective bargaining and that all other unions small or large should be barred from this privilege.

There was a time when there was one law for the capitalist and another for the worker. The situation has changed to a certain extent. The workers in many instances now have the best of it. And perhaps the change may be helpful in the long run, for capital has undoubtedly been too selfish in years gone by and the lesson it has learned in recent years is probably helpful.

The Sherman Anti-Trust Law was supposed to protect us against price-fixing monopolies. The NRA started out with price fixing as a part of its procedure, and the monopolistic results in the form of high prices indicated the folly of this procedure.

Unions should be protected in every effort they may make to better their conditions. But in affording them this protection small isolated unions or individual workers should be entitled to the same protection. And protection that is given workers should be allowed employers.

The office building or factory of an employer is his private property, the same as a worker's home, and is entitled to similar protection.

Mr. Green does not give appropriate credit to the high standard of living which has been obtained largely through the efforts of unionism in this country previous to the existence of the NRA. Where is there a country in which labor has the same liberties and privileges generally that are accorded to labor here in these United States? Would Hitler allow the strikes that break out in this country on different occasions? Would he stand by and see employers harassed with pickets and other outrages that labor agitators sometimes use in their efforts to intimidate employers? Would Mussolini stand for it? Does Communistic Russia give any attention to labor's protests?

It's only in the United States that such privileges are allowed. And doubtless Mr. Green will rightly maintain that these privileges have brought labor the high standard of living which it enjoys in this country.

But, as the writer has stated on many occasions, too much power allowed capital or labor is bound to bring evils of more or less magnitude. The power between the two should be evenly divided; each should be protected in their inalienable rights as citizens of this country.

Mr. Green fears that with the demise of the NRA unemployment will be far greater. But it is the writer's opinion that business generally will take a step forward, provided the NRA is really dead; for investors can then put aside their fear of governmental tinkering in business management. And it is only fair to also mention that the United States is the only country that has adopted the NRA procedure, and that we are far behind all the other countries of the world in our recovery program. It is stated that Canada has recently followed our lead and introduced some of the NRA procedure. But that country has passed so far out of the depression period that it can undoubtedly endure such procedure without serious harm.

The NRA is not without its good points. Mr. Green truly states that management, labor, and the public at large have learned to think in different terms; that there is an ever-increasing consciousness on their parts that certain standards or ethics in business should be adopted and enforced universally.

And then there is child labor, which is uprooted with one blow—an achievement endorsed by everybody.

But the colossal task of controlling supply and demand, of managing economic law, could only be attempted by theoretical experimenters. If one had the intelligence of the Almighty and the cunning of the devil, he could not properly and reasonably manipulate the workings of this universal law.

We have a great and wonderful country. Labor has made it. All our wealth has been created by labor. And

IN last week's, the June 29 issue of Liberty, William Green as president of the American Federation of Labor expressed himself on the NRA's recent "demise," due to the Supreme Court's decision that it was unconstitutional. Surveying the resulting situation from the organized labor standpoint, Mr. Green said: "The administration is now powerless to protect those improvements in hours of work and rates of pay which were brought about under the codes; and those millions of wage earners who availed themselves of their rights under the law and organized in trade-unions of their own choosing are denied any protection whatsoever. On the other hand, associations of manufacturers have developed as never before." He deplored the loss of "the new horizons toward which our faces were set less than two years ago," and demanded: "Will industry voluntarily continue to reduce hours and increase rates of pay until equilibrium is reached in our productive system? Will the right to organize and bargain collectively be protected by employers?" The answer was most certainly in the negative, he averred, citing wage earners' sufferings from competitive price cutting in 1931-32. He warned, however, that "attempts by management to cast labor back into the depths from which it has lifted itself inch by inch will mean open conflict." The one gain under the NRA that he conceded would survive the Supreme Court's deathblow to it was that "management, labor, and the public at large" had learned to think in new and different terms, and that management was increasingly conscious that "certain standards or ethics of business must be adopted and enforced universally." But how, he inquired, was this new consciousness now to be made effectual? "What lies ahead?"

It is not only as an employer but from the standpoint of the general public that Bernarr Macfadden answers him.

Another article by Mr. Green will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

if all labor leaders were of the type of William Green our troubles between capital and labor would probably be over.

For, notwithstanding his one-sided viewpoint, he is inclined to be reasonable and just, and with the lessons that capital has received in recent years, with its inclination to compromise, if labor and capital could realize that after all they are partners and that whenever they quarrel it means huge loss to both sides, they would soon learn to harmonize their differences.

They would get together—iron out their troubles and differences—work as copartners.

And with such a force this country could forge ahead with colossal strides.

We have gone far beyond all the great nations of the world commercially, and this progress is due entirely to the individual genius that resulted from the knowledge that every man here in this country is his own master; that merit and hard work will always be rewarded.

And it is the stimulus of this privilege that has given us our Fords and our Edisons and other great leaders.

Huey Long says we should tear down the great fortunes.

But it is these great fortunes, invested usually every dollar in the huge business organizations, that have made this country so powerful commercially.

Let every intelligent citizen endeavor to set aside the trouble between capital and labor. Let us realize to the fullest extent the incalculable harm that would be brought to business and also to labor if politicians with no knowledge of business management became a power in the control of the business world.

They will not only bring us back to the same situation that existed during the prohibition era, when the politicians tried to control the liquor traffic, but they will ruin business—harm it to an incalculable extent.

And when business is on the downgrade the workmen of this country will have to bear the brunt of this disaster.

Through such mismanagement they will ultimately have to go back to the same low standard of living that is in vogue in various countries of the world.

We have been a free people. We want this freedom to continue. And we hate the enslavement of Communistic Russia.

But to remain free and to grow greater year by year, business and labor must get together and iron out their difficulties.

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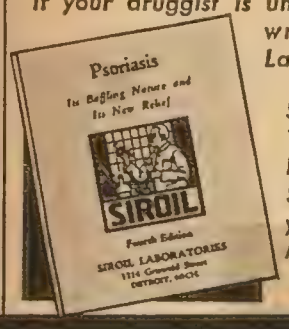

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Heartbreaker, Hunter, Horseman

Robert Montgomery Romps Away with a Tale of an Errant Husband; an Indo-Chinese Archer Gives Suspense to a Colorful Film, and Warner Baxter Rides and Makes Latin Love in the Moonlight

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

by BEVERLY HILLS

Robert Montgomery and Joan Crawford in No More Ladies

READING TIME
14 MINUTES
45 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ NO MORE LADIES

THE PLAYERS: Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery, Edna May Oliver, Charles Ruggles, Franchot Tone, Reginald Denny, Arthur Treacher, Gail Patrick, and others. Directed by E. H. Griffith, and others. Screen play by A. E. Thomas.

LATEST of the M-G-M lavish problem plays, in which none of the people seem to have to work for their extreme wealth, is Joan Crawford's No More Ladies. Often banal in its opinions on love and marriage, but more often really funny and always a treat to the eye, this picture has the tensely sullen Miss Crawford as a spectacularly costumed playgirl who, against her better judgment, decides to toss her precious lot with Robert Montgomery. A heartbreaker of many years' good standing, Montgomery is fully able to resist temptation until it becomes personal in the form of Gail Patrick, a night-club singer whom he meets while on the way to his bride.

That the ebullient Mr. Montgomery is delayed for an evening is no twist in plays dealing with turbulent newlyweds. But Miss Crawford's novel method of treating her charmingly wayward husband gives this elegantly shallow study of modern love its big situation and a belated shower of laughs. For astute Miss Crawford not only greets her husband with the fatted calf but invites all his old girl friends to be in on the feast!

Love and smart scenarists find a way to secure the slipping Montgomery-Crawford marital knot; but before this happens No More Ladies offers a great deal of richly garnished entertainment for the senses if not for the intellect. In the sort of role that won him popularity, Robert Montgomery blithely romps away with the film. While Miss Crawford, in getting much philosophy off her well formed chest, takes the picture more seriously than it takes her, she has never been more beautifully photographed and wears a variety of costumes to interest women who want a flying start on the new styles. Franchot Tone heads the hand-picked supporting cast, which has Edna May Oliver as a ribald dowager, a characterization no longer a novelty; Charlie Ruggles, a drunk who says "thish" for this; and Arthur Treacher, who, as a silly Englishman, gives the picture its funniest moments.

VITAL STATISTICS: Irving Thalberg supervised it. Thalberg is husband to Norma Shearer, who isn't around these days, as she's having a new little Thalberg. Thalberg is a slim black-haired sensitive fellow. Can keep ten productions going at once, thanks to having been headman of the entire M-G-M forces. Never loses his patience and personally inspects every bit of copy and every inch of film taken. Is considered a worker in film; that is, he likes to write his story in film. Often hundreds of thousands of dollars fall into the cutting-room wastebasket by this method; but usually the cost pays for itself. Has been known to spend thousands of dollars in script preparation and wear out hundreds of writers just to get it right, then scrap the entire script just before shooting and have each scene rewritten five minutes before the scheduled shooting time. . . . Jean Acker, ex of Rudolf Valentino, extras in this, as do Frank Mayo and Gertrude Astor, both silent stars and now actors. They are all happy to be in harness. . . . Six different scripts are used in M-G-M pictures: F'rinstance, in the crisis where Crawford slaps Montgomery after accusing him of unfaithfulness, the prop's script reads: "Modernized Empire table with silver tray, decanter, and two goblets half filled with strong tea, and two cigarettes." Electrician's script: "Double bank of No. 2 floods; three sun arcs through windows; four baby spots." Wardrobe designer's: "Blue sports dress with wide lapels joined together at throat; blue off-the-face hat with jeweled clip; blue-and-white slippers and gauntlet gloves." Cameraman's script: "A dolly; a medium two shot; a close two shot; individual close-ups." Sound man's: "High volume to bring up voices; low volume on slap." The scenarist's script: "Sorry, but why a night-club queen?" . . . Joan Crawford pays $16.50 for most of the frocks in her personal wardrobe and sometimes she gets them at sales for $15. She also buys ten terribly expensive glad rags for great public occasions. She's introducing a highbrow bob bang for this one. When technicolor comes along Joan's going to stick, as she's considered a cinch for the color cameras. She's got one surprise for her fans: freckles. . . . Director Edward H. Griffith shot much of his

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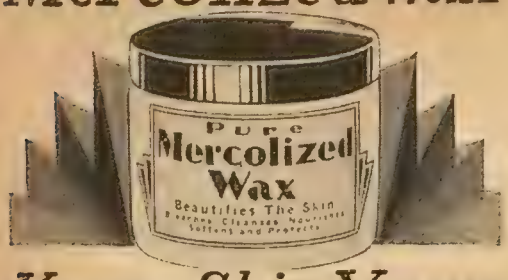

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stuff at night because he feels, in his original way, that the night was made for love. . . . Edna May Oliver had to remove her petticoat after ruining a lot of scenes. It rustled out the dialogue high spots. . . . D. G. Tomlinson is an old blue from Yale, footballing in 1912. Those were the days Yale wasn't a one-night stand for the jerkwater football colleges. . . . Reginald Denny claims a royal acting family as blue-blooded as the Barrymores. . . . Robert Montgomery wishes it to be known he has never gone Hollywood; has gone to his farm in Connecticut to clear up his laryngitis; and has powerful legs and seamen's feet.

★ ★ ½ KLIOU

THE PLAYERS: Dhi, Bhat, Nyan, Khan, Henri de la Falaise. Produced and directed by Henri de la Falaise. Titles by Paul Perez and Ray Doyle.

KLIOU is a gentle, relaxed, and thoroughly pleasing camera record of a trip through Indo-China, with just enough plot injected into the lush background to make it an ideal complement for a full movie evening. Almost as long as a feature picture, it is the sort of film which should, and probably never will, take the place of "quickies" on the tail end of double features.

Screened in remarkably well done and subdued colors, Kliou's simple story concerns a tiger hunt developed with no strained-for effects and, apparently, without tricks. Pleasing rather than exciting, the film is based on the native superstition that the only way to save a man dying from claw wounds is to kill the guilty tiger.

With that always surprising knack they have for acting, the natives seem to forget that a camera is watching them, and as the hero, armed with bow and arrow, sets out to kill Kliou, the tiger, the picture immediately captures interest and suspense.

Directed and produced by Henri de la Falaise—formerly married to Gloria Swanson and now to Constance Bennett, no mean trick in itself—Kliou comes as a welcome offering of the same distinctive appeal as Grass and Nanook of the North.

VITAL STATISTICS: If other ennobled husbands slip off to Indo-China for polo and divorce from their prominent wives, Le Marquis Henri de la Falaise de la Coudraye—commonly known as Hank, the husband of Miss Constance Bennett—went to make a movie. . . . The good marquis and four assistants marched 200 miles into the interior of the Anam country till civilization paled. Here they met up with the Mois, evidently the fall guys of Indo-China. The Mois are a primitive race. Their weapons are still primitive. Besides the hunting spear, the Moi still uses a bow and arrow modeled on the English crossbow and thought to be a relic of the Moslem's or Mongol's part in the Crusades. Writing his own story, Hank chose from their numbers one Bhat, a young Moi buck, and Dhi, the prettiest Moi gal. Like all primitives, they were not one whit camera-conscious. Bhat and Dhi worked for little, but got married at picture end in good Hollywood style. Their plans are undetermined, although Dhi is thinking of coming to Hollywood and making it tough for the Garbo. *Kliou* is the Moi word for tiger. . . . Nobody got killed in making the picture, although a native is badly clawed right before your eyes, and the tiger killing you see is all done with poisoned arrows. The poison is extracted from a tree root. . . . Picture cost around $75,000, money being supplied by Constance Bennett, head of Bennett Pictures Corp. . . . Conditions for filming were far from ideal. Humidity was so terrific, the clothes practically mildewed on the back. Film, being in technicolor, had to be handled carefully, since technicolor costs three times ordinary black and white. Hank shot economically, probably bringing back about 10,000 feet of film, or just about the amount von Sternberg uses on one close-up of Dietrich. Since no sound apparatus could be toted through those miles and miles of forest jungle and swampland, the picture is silent. . . . Hank Coudraye is about thirty-nine. With his mother and brother he is heir to the Hennessy cognac fortune, another matter that is rated by stars. Though he hasn't much money these days, he'll have it. Was a tank driver in the war. A bullet that passed through him killed his gunner.

★ ★ UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON

THE PLAYERS: Warner Baxter, Ketti Gallian, Veloz and Yolanda, John Miljan, Carrol Naish, Soledad Jiminez, Jack LaRue, George Irving, Armida, and others. Directed by James Tinling. Story by Gordon Morris.

AFTER the pictorially stunning and romantic In Old Arizona and The Cisco Kid, Warner Baxter's return to the screen as a Latin comes as a distinct disappointment. In Under the Pampas Moon he is a hard-riding heart-stealing marcelled Gaucho who takes his women where he finds them—and he finds them everywhere. This time the studio unwisely decided to kid the Gaucho's heavily accented love-making, and in doing so they killed the picture's potential romanticism, offering a rather routine slapstick-comedy mood in its place.

When a theatric troupe, flying to Buenos Aires, becomes stranded in the pampas, they remain long enough to see the dashing Baxter come galloping under the wire, a winner of the fiesta race. This inspires Ketti Gallian, the actress, with admiration for Baxter. But John Miljan, her manager, has eyes only for the horse, which he induces Jack LaRue to steal.

As long as Under the Pampas Moon remains in this lovely outdoor background, it is acceptable entertainment of the moonlight-and-guitars genre. But when the story has the Gaucho arriving in Buenos Aires in search of Miss Gallian and his horse, which Miljan has developed into a tremendous money winner, the film seems more set on making a country bumpkin of Baxter than coming to any climax.

Veloz and Yolanda give Under the Pampas Moon a brief sequence of captivating dancing, and Ketti Gallian, Warner Baxter, Armida, Jack LaRue, Paul Porcasi, and Carrol Naish give the film its really distinctive feature by all speaking with different accents.

VITAL STATISTICS: This one marks Warner Baxter's return to the dark make-up and señorita stamping ground of The Cisco Kid and In Old Arizona, the women of America screaming for it. Baxter had to brush up on his horsemanship, and did it so effectively it is hard to tell which of the picture's trick riding was done by him and which by the stunt rider. He also learned to throw the bola, a stone-loaded thong of plaited cowhide used by the Gauchos as a lasso in their pampas duties. Baxter once quit an insurance job at $150 a month to act at $25 a week. It took him seven years to crash the movies. He put an upcurl in his mustache to get the right tone to his characterization for this role. Yes, he really plays the guitar, and warbles too, as you will see. That's a wig he wears, however, and not a permanent. Directly after finishing the picture, he hopped to Honolulu for a rest. . . . This is Ketti Gallian's second picture for Fox, her first being Marie Galante. She was brought back among Fox-head Winnie Sheehan's baggage from a trip to Europe. Sheehan always returns with some such attractive gewgaw for the American people. She was born in Nice, France, on Christmas Eve, of Franco-Italian parents. A war baby. It took her three months to master the English tongue. Before this picture she always played poor ill-treated wenches, and for the first time dresses in the chic. Ketti treasures a cuff link King Alfonso once gallantly and unsolicitedly presented her on a beach when her bathing-suit strap popped off a button. Curiously, if she makes good in American films she'll be one of the few Frenchwomen who have made the grade. . . . (Frank) Veloz and Yolanda (Bianca) introduce the cobra tango, which shows clearly how to be a snake on a dance floor. Yolanda gets many of her movements from watching reptiles and felines. . . . Sixteen-year-old Rita Cansino has her first dialogue to spout. She is dottero of Eduardo Cansino and member of a famous dancing fambly. She was discovered by a Foxy scout while dancing with her daddio at Agua Caliente. Was born in New York

Citio. . . . Armida was born at Sonora, Méjico, and got her gringo stage start with that old Spanish theatrical prospector Gusso Eduardo. . . . Ann Codee was born in Brussels, Belgium. Became a bareback rider in the circus, following in the horsesteps of her paw and maw, and on arrival in America played the New York Hippodrome. . . . Philip Cooper (Don Felipe Coopero) is a Denver lad. His maw brought him to Hollywood on the advice of friends. Arrived to win first honors in a Los Angeles contest for child actors, being selected from 20,000. Was the boy Villa in Viva, Villa! . . . George Irving started out in Secret Service with William Gillette. Played op. Maude Adams in The Little Minister for five years. Starred in Alias Jimmy Valentine—the original one. . . . John Miljan was born in Lead City, South Dakota. Worked as general handy boy around the Lead local opry haouse until he shook the Lead out of his shoes and hied him into stock, later the war, and then the New Yawk stage. Plays both heavies and sweeties. . . . Blanca Vischer was born in Guatemala City, Central America, of German and Central American parentage. Was imported here at fourteen and attended Hollywood High School, that nest of many a motion-picture star.

★ ½ ALIAS MARY DOW

THE PLAYERS: Sally Eilers, Ray Milland, Henry O'Neill, Katherine Alexander, Chick Chandler, Lola Lane, Clarence Muse, and others. Directed by Kurt Neumann. Story by Forrest Halsey.

EIGHTEEN years after her child's kidnaping, Mrs. Dow (Katherine Alexander), hysterical with illness, begins calling for her daughter Mary. When the doctor informs Mr. Dow that the only way to save the wife's life is to produce the child, he dashes out and with surprising taste picks up a cheap rough-talking waitress and brings her home as the daughter.

Sally Eilers's transformation from gamin to debutante is the sort of dual characterization that actresses revel in and she comes through with an acceptable performance, restoring her wealthy new parents to health and happiness and finding romance for herself with Ray Milland.

Alias Mary Dow has nothing that should send you out of your way to see it.

VITAL STATISTICS: Sally Eilers is a Mack Sennettor. Got her actual start, after a lifetime of star gazing, by lunching at the Fox studios. At the next table sat a director who snatched her for a bit. She was born on December 11, 1908. Had a so-so career until two things happened to her. She married producer Harry Jo Brown and in the course of time had a baby. She didn't appear on the screen last fall because she was home having her son, which is nicknamed Poochie. She infested the dance palaces along the Venice, California, beach and nickel-a-dance resorts to get the proper schmaltz to the dance she does in this one—called the cloudland, and a hybrid of the black bottom and the varsity drag. When she did the cloudland with Chick Chandler, her realism got the best of her. Chick black-and-blued her forearm with his fervidity and got a black eye for his trouble, Sally putting too much in the required slap. . . . Ray Milland wanted to go to sea as a young man, but six months on a potato boat cured him. He wanted to be a soldier, and became an officer in England's Royal Horse Guards, but couldn't afford $3,000 a year for uniforms, so he resigned. With his last fifty dollars (the remains of a rich-aunt legacy) he took a famous English actress to dinner, she invited him to visit a film studio, and he became an actor. Is a gentleman rider and one of the few who have raced over the Grand National Course at Aintree without being thrown. Is married to Muriel Webber, a Hollywood gal. . . . Chick Chandler used to be a racing driver, but stopped when his wife obtained a court injunction keeping him out of a racing car! . . . Universal's famous Phantom Stage is now in its tenth year. Now a bit battered and worn, it came into being as the opera house for Lon Chaney's ghoulish work in The Phantom of that very place, and since then has been a lion jungle, an ice rink, a battleground. . . . If Katherine Alexander hadn't hated practice she might have become a concert violinist. She is slim, shy, and has deep dimples. Since Lilian Walker there hasn't been a dimpled star. . . . Baby Jane Quigley's the sweetie pie of Mr. and Mrs. James Quigley; was born in Monrovia, California; is of French-Irish descent; her daddy owns a chain of markets; is the youngest player in pictures who can both learn and speak dialogues; is less than four years old; has an annuity piling up from her salary; and has only the highest praise for her fellow artiste, one Shirley Temple, to whom she refers as "She."

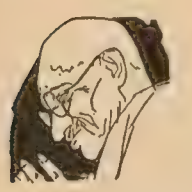
FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Informer, Black Fury, The Band Concert, Private Worlds, Roberta, Clive of India, David Copperfield, The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, Imitation of Life.

★★★—Public Hero No. 1, Hooray for Love, Break of Hearts, The Call of the Wild, Oil for the Lamps of China, Goin' to Town, G-Men, Doubting Thomas, Les Misérables, Star of Midnight, Life Begins at Forty, One More Spring, Mississippi, West Point of the Air, Naughty Marietta, The Wedding Night, The Little Colonel, Ruggles of Red Gap, Murder on a Honeymoon, Wings in the Dark, The Whole Town's Talking, Society Doctor, The Secret Bride, The Man Who Reclaimed His Head, Here Is My Heart, The Mighty Barnum.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.



1—Is a mahatma a Hindu god, priest, holy man, fakir, or wise man?

2—What common English word conveys both a command to do something and an order to stop?

3—What sport is most engaged in at the Polo Grounds, New York City: polo, horse racing, football, or baseball?

4—What are some synonyms of mien?

5—How many amendments to the United States Constitution have been ratified?

6—Which is correct on the calling card of a lady whose husband is alive: Mrs. Allan J. Smith or Mrs. Mary F. Smith?

7—In law, what is the difference between real property and personal property?

8—Should valet preferably be pronounced val-lay or val-et?

9—Who sets the date for the wedding: the bride, the groom, or the parents of either of them?

10—When being seated in a theater, in what order should the lady, the gentleman, and the usher go down the aisle?

11—Which is the correct use of a spoon with a cup of coffee: to taste it, to stir it, or to cool it?

12—By what name are the diplomatic and consular services of the United States officially known?

13—From what foreign country is the term hallmark derived?

14—Is Ahmed Zog the King of Albania, Afghanistan, or Abyssinia?

15—A surety is what?

16—What is the Polish Corridor?

17—Is goldbeaters skin the skin of an animal, a bird, or a reptile?

18—Is Finley Peter Dunne a scientist, statesman, actor, or author?

19—What foreign country signed its Declaration of Independence in Independence Hall, Philadelphia?

20—How much gasoline is used annually by motor vehicles in the United States?

(Answers will be found on page 59)

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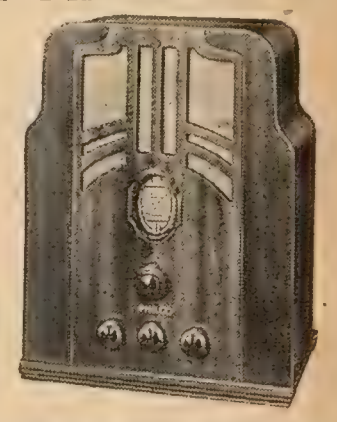

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THESE ARE THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$2,000
SECOND PRIZE	500
THIRD PRIZE	100
FOURTH PRIZE	50
TEN PRIZES, Each $25	250
100 PRIZES, Each $10	1,000
220 PRIZES, Each $5	1,100

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish three composite pictures of Famous Americans.

2. Each set of composites when cut apart and correctly reassembled will make complete portraits of three persons.

3. For the nearest correctly identified and neatest complete sets of portraits Liberty will award $5,000 in cash prizes according to the prize schedule on this page. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned nor can we enter into correspondence with any contestant.

4. To compete, simply cut apart, or trace accurately, and reassemble the composites correctly. Then, in the space provided under each, write the name and the event or work for which the person is famous.

5. Do not send in incomplete sets. When you have all thirty composites solved and identified, send them by first-class mail to GAME OF FAMOUS AMERICANS, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

6. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

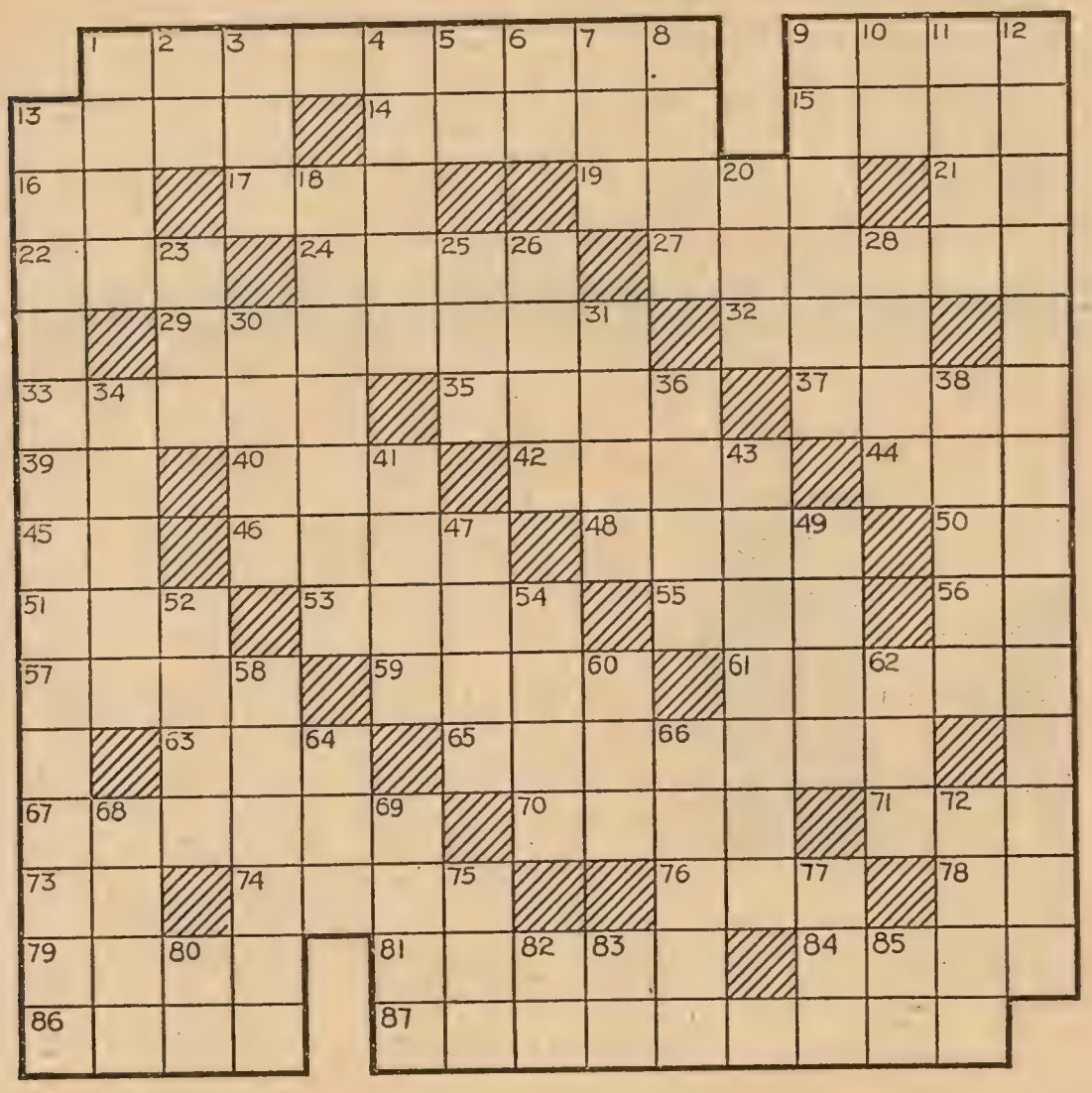
7. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, July 24, 1935, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

THE LAST SET OF COMPOSITES NEXT WEEK!

Puzzle # 78 7/6/35

Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 N. G. men
9 Red baseball
13 Dough-saving device
14 An undemocratic Bill before the Sénate
15 Cladle of the Laundlee
16 Rusher arounder always good for a toot (abbr.)
17 Shafts with the upstanding end removed
19 Barnum bait
21 Plant a tree in the center of this and it makes a highway
22 What MacTavish gets out of his old pants
24 Snap up the print with the peepers
27 Blue river
29 Sock exchange
32 High ball
33 How many spelling bees make a this?
35 Unless there are a couple of misses this is a killing party
37 Pursue the elusive buck
39 Uh
40 A tidey little expression
42 Chance Carnera had
44 He's always having a swill time
45 This preceded her Victorian Sir
46 The other side of the tracks
48 Old-fashioned southern conveyance
50 You can get half shot with these
51 The early home of bacon
53 If he's called this, 3 to 1 he's a waiter
55 And, looking from the east
56 Heart of a rhymester
57 The whiskered bird of paradox that squawks about England
59 The kind of eyed maiden she becomes after a few hookers of gin
61 First name of a well known Swedish "tanker"
63 All he had on the ball
65 The side of the horse that has the most hair on it
67 Horse-opera stages
70 When the lower classman meets the upper classman, one going to work, the other to sleep
71 How Ethel got her start
73 The cry before Uncle!
74 This travels fast in South Africa (plural)
76 Henglish relatives of Orizontal 44
78 A shocking college degree
79 High spot of Russia
81 I never could understand how they get a great big symphony orchestra in a little box like this
84 Colorful matters
86 An Old Blue hails from here
87 Ed Wynn knows a restaurant where the ceilings are so low this is all they can serve (plural)

VERTICAL

1 These enjoy big turnovers week ends
2 Wave ruler (abbr.)
3 A gentleman of Semitic extraction said to bear strong resemblance to his companion who is exceedingly Hibernian
4 Great Dane
5 What she says when she means yes
6 Cry of the wounded Gump
7 The Hall of Stinks—it's no place for the Three Little Guinea Pigs
8 An angelic venture along Broadway
9 To speak without steering
10 What old Mater Hubbardus sought for her dog in her cupboardus
11 If she's unsuccessful at man hunting she'll be missed all her life
12 Places to take your girl if you want to see more of her
13 A cabbage's young
18 To act like a spoiled husband
20 Odd-shaped nut
23 A note from Guido
25 If you multiply you do this to your family
26 Dish out with the shillalah
28 Nurse to you
30 Greek with a bloody record
31 When new it causes a ringing in the ears
34 This causes a rush of choler to the head
36 A lot of men have died from this
38 A button worker—he's the perfect workman: never strikes, has no brains, never asks for raises
41 These always want relief—from work
43 A belly sound
47 Little girls, beware: She lost her arms from biting her fingernails
49 Pig goo
52 An open-faced way to greet bores
54 Kind of socks that make dogs stand out
58 A cute little thing she got on when she was in a hurry
60 What the Grik Ambassador love to do to stromberry, blomberry and ombleberry pice
62 This can be filled with ease
64 A bit of a superior officer
66 Grammaw was always falling into this
68 Slightly cockeyed
69 This has been booming for years
72 Places for drives by chronic clubmen and -women
75 A pal of a gal
77 The Other Woman
80 A few letters from the beginning of an article
82 This is in the dough
83 Eye You
85 You Are

H	E	M		O	V	E	R	T		F	A	I	L	
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	N	I	N	E		D	A	M	E	S		S	L	Y

Answer to last week's puzzle

NOTE **FREE** OFFER BELOW

SAVE MONEY THIS EASY WAY

YOU can serve Hires Root Beer generously because it costs so little to make this delicious, wholesome beverage at home.

8 glasses for 5c! Nothing equals this economy. One bottle of Hires Extract makes 40 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer by just adding sugar, water and yeast.

More money can't buy a finer beverage than Hires Root Beer.

MAKE THIS TRIAL

No matter what beverage is your family's favorite—make up some home-made Hires Root Beer. Let them try it. Serve it to guests. It's nutritious and wholesome, accepted by the American Medical Association's Committee on Foods and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. So it is as good for children as for adults. Hires Extract is for sale at all dealers.

To avoid oil flavored imitations, insist on

Hires R-J ROOT BEER FOR REAL-JUICES

FREE—a generous trial bottle of Hires Extract—enough to make 4 quarts of Hires Root Beer—to all who mail the coupon, enclosing 3¢ to cover postage and handling.

FREE

The Charles E. Hires Co., Dept. M., Philadelphia, Pa.
Please send me *free* bottle of Hires extract. I enclose 3c for postage and packing. L-7-6

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Canadians should mail coupon to The Charles E. Hires Co., Ltd., Toronto

TO THE *Ladies*

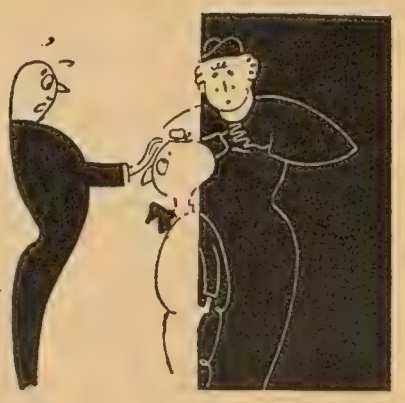
by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE, AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

● I've been talking with two national designers of children's clothes. One is Edith Taylor, the other is Julius Katz. A trade publication, writing about Edith Taylor, suggested that her designs for children's clothes are inspired by the requirements of her own baby.

The result was a college fist-fight with black eyes and bloody noses. Her *baby* happens to be a university sophomore, and his classmates kidded him so hard that he was driven to violence.



Mr. Katz informs me that he has a great deal of trouble with children's heads. He makes three-piece suits for infants—hat, coat, and leggings. Often a child who fits the coat and leggings has a head too small or too big for the hat. This annoys the kid's mama. Mothers always believe their children are absolutely normal as to head size. They blame Mr. Katz's hats for all misfits.

More than ever before are children now encouraged to choose their own clothes. Modern parents, full of psychology, try to give their young ones every chance to express themselves. The kids surprised every one this year by being ultraconservative. They rejected the brighter colors in favor of heavy blues and browns. I asked Mr. Katz what *he* used to wear when he was a kid. "Castoffs," he said. "I was the youngest of six brothers."

Our labor laws now prohibit the showing of children's clothes by juvenile mannequins. Mr. Katz's two daughters, age eleven and nine, try on his wares for him and tell him how they like them. In his spare time he reads kids' storybooks to keep in the spirit of the thing.

● The late T. E. Lawrence—Colonel Lawrence of Arabia—said, "No woman, I believe, can understand a mechanic's happiness in serving his bits and pieces."

I take this as a serious indictment of womankind. I hope and believe Colonel Lawrence was mistaken. I think that women, fully as well as men, have learned to know the happiness of serving, for their own sake, the bits and pieces which make up life's inflexible logic.

● She puts both her hands down flat on a table. Slowly she raises each finger in turn—ten times for each finger. She places the palms of her hands together in a prayerful attitude, fingers pointed up. Slowly she moves her wrists apart, pressing her finger tips together and spreading her fingers fanwise.

Who is she? Why does she practice these manual acrobatics? She's a famous dancer. And this is how she keeps her wonderfully expressive hands in training.

Stage people know that their hands are as important as their eyes, their lips, their bodies. They have learned how to exercise their hands. We who are amateurs of charm might take a tip from them.

● How old do we think we ought to be before we start using the money we save for our *old age?*

A friend of mine asks this question many times a day. My friend is a business woman who works as a confidential adviser in a savings bank. Elderly ladies with money deposited there come to her for advice. They want to apply for government relief.

"But you don't need relief," my friend says. "You have a substantial sum in the bank. Why don't you draw on that?"

"Oh, no," replies the elderly lady. "That's for my old age."

"How old are you now?" asks my friend.

"Why, good gracious!" the lady exclaims. "I'm only sixty-eight!"

These dear old girls are all between their late sixties and late seventies. Yet never will one of them admit the possibility that she has reached her old age. Let us salute their wonderful optimism and wish them many happy returns of the day.

● A man tells me he has invented an ice muff—a muff with dry ice in it to keep your wrists cool on hot summer days. On the theory that when your wrists are cool you feel cool all over.

● New books I have enjoyed: Hundred Maples, by Elaine Goodale Eastman. A New England farm story. (Published by Stephen Daye Press.) And Louis Golding's latest novel, The Camberwell Beauty. (Published by Farrar & Rinehart.)

● In my Russian language the word *baba* means woman. In French cookbooks the same word means a fluffy cake inspirited with strong liquors, and sometimes garlanded with fruit. Here is a French baba for summer delight:

Use 2 eggs, 1 scant cup cake flour, ½ cup sugar. Beat eggs and sugar until frothy, then sprinkle in flour. Bake 15 minutes in buttered border-mold. Turn cake out to cool. Now make 1½ cups thick sugar sirup. Measure off ½ cup, adding to it 1½ tablespoons brandy and a few drops of Kirsch flavoring. Pour this over cake until well soaked. In remaining sirup marinate fresh raspberries, strawberries, or sliced peaches for 1 hour. Add a little brandy and pour into middle of cake border. Serve very cold with thick cream.

This summer

Cook with Cold

and stay out of the kitchen

Remember those hot days last summer—and those long hours spent in a sweltering kitchen? You can miss just about all of this discomfort this summer by getting your Kelvinator now and *cooking with cold.*

During the cool morning hours, you can prepare your meals and put them in the Kelvinator until you are ready to serve them. You can make those appetizing salads, delicious desserts and frozen delicacies that are so delightful and refreshing, especially in hot weather. And in the afternoon, when the sun is beating down, you can stay out of the kitchen—and enjoy life.

You will like the Food File—with the Vegetable Crisper, the Dairy Section and the Thrift Trays for usable left-overs. The new Pastry Set with refrigerated rolling pin; the Fruit Basket; 4 refrigerators in 1; the rubber Dry-Cube Tray; the Water Pitcher; the Frost Chest; record fast freezing—are a few of the other features that make a Kelvinator such a pleasure to own.

Nineteen different models — at prices that range from $77.50 to $779.50 f.o.b. factory. And the Re-DisCo Monthly Budget Plan offers you a most liberal, convenient payment plan. See the nearest dealer.

Ask your nearest dealer for free "Cook with Cold" recipes

KELVINATOR CORPORATION, *Detroit. Factories also in London, Ontario, and London, England*

K E L V I N A T O R

He Picked His Women

A Short Short Story

READING TIME
5 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

by MATT TAYLOR

THE trouble with most men in his game, Eddie meditated, was their choice in women. Of ten men who could pull a job, fast and neat, nine took too much of a chance afterward when the trail was hot. They picked women who were jealous and vindictive, women who were too ambitious, too extravagant, too loud-mouthed. Lots of guys in stir were where they were because of the women they picked. They weren't smart enough to find one like Hilda.

He knew they had pinned the Camden post-office job on him by this time. His technique was familiar, and besides, the get-away hadn't been quite clean and he had been seen. Hilda, who was with him in the car, had also been seen when they stopped for gas. But what of that? A rather large woman, blonde, a commonplace Teutonic type—who would remember more than this about Hilda?

He grinned at her appreciatively as she cleared the remains of a bacon and egg breakfast. He was up fifteen pounds on Hilda's cooking since he had been hiding out here. "Nice feed, sweetheart," he called suddenly.

She turned from her dishpan and smiled. Her flaxen head nodded and the folds of flesh beneath her ample chin vibrated with every nod. "Ya," she said thickly. "Put good fat on my boy."

Eddie sighed as she turned back to her work. She was a clod of a woman, with wide shoulders and wide hips and an unnaturally florid complexion. Her eyes were blue, but they were buried between her heavy brows and her puffy cheeks. But time enough for the good-lookers, Eddie thought, when he was freer to go around more.

He strolled to the living room and stretched lazily on the couch, and Hilda brought the morning paper and fixed the cushion under his head and left him. Oh, he was lucky in Hilda! There was security for him in her stolid common sense, in her loyalty, in the colorless personality and inconspicuous appearance she presented to the world. The danger lay in attracting attention, and that Hilda would never do.

She came out from the kitchen in a threadbare coat, a black cord market bag hanging from her arm. Eddie grinned at her. On the street she would be one of ten thousand others exactly like herself.

"I thought maybe a steak for dinner, Eddie," she said. "A steak and potato pancakes maybe."

He pulled a fistful of bills from his pocket. "You're the boss, honey," he said pleasantly.

She took two single bills. "It is enough," she said firmly. "We must not waste money."

He shouted a laugh. Oh, she was perfect! "Waste a dime, anyway, old butterballs, and bring me a detective magazine."

Hilda's thick lips formed a pout. "Old butterballs!" she complained. "You think I'm old, Eddie? You think I'm fat maybe?"

"Just plump—the way I like 'em."

She stooped and kissed him. Then, as she turned away, he thought of something. "Drop into that post office on Borough Street," he told her, "and see if they got my picture on the wall yet."

Hilda smiled broadly. "I bet maybe all the girls stop and look at it, Eddie."

He approved of the thought, but waved it aside. "Buy a stamp," he said, "and take a look at the bulletin board on your way out." He watched her as she moved to the door and closed it carefully behind her. Then he turned over against the wall and closed his eyes. With Hilda to take care of him he could sleep without worry, without fear.

Hilda bargained shrewdly, as usual. When her bag was filled she moved on to the Borough Street post office, to do Eddie's bidding.

From her place at the stamp window she could see Eddie's picture. It was tacked on a board above the writing stand. The place was crowded, but not many raised their eyes to look at Eddie's rogues'-gallery photograph, which hung next to a lengthy announcement concerning the Japanese beetle quarantine. Hilda strolled to the wall and found a money-order slip and pretended to be filling it in. But all the time she was looking up at the handbill, and her lips were forming the words as she read.

"Wanted for Robbery of Camden, N. Y., Post Office," it said on top. Underneath the picture was a description of Eddie, accurate down to the mole on his right arm. Underneath that, in a new paragraph, was something else.

"It is believed," read Hilda, "that this man is accompanied by a woman who poses as his wife. No complete description of this woman is available. She is between thirty-five and forty years of age—"

She caught her breath, and a bit of hot German profanity formed in her throat. Hilda was exactly thirty.

"—and weighs about two hundred pounds."

PROFANITY came out with a rush, and a man beside her looked up in surprise. Two hundred pounds! A lie—a foul, low-down lie! She weighed maybe a hundred and eighty. Never in her life had she touched two hundred. She read it a second time. The acid of rage filled every vein in her body. Her breath came in gasps, and her big hands, clasped in front of her, trembled.

Hilda had beaten up her first husband, and left him, because he called her fat. "You're a hundred and ninety," was all the poor man had said, "if you're a pound!" And now this—this vile, slanderous handbill that so casually slapped another ten pounds on her! It was too much. Hilda's fury broke all bonds. With a cry, she reached up and tore the handbill from the wall and crushed it in her huge fist.

A dozen people stared for a moment and then went about their business. But the business of one of them was unfortunate—for Eddie, that is. Detective O'Bierne watched thoughtfully as Hilda stamped out of the building, her small eyes flashing blue fire.

Down the street she strode, the furious Hilda, homeward bound. Fifty feet behind her strolled the curious detective. And in his snug little apartment Eddie slept peacefully, knowing he was secure in this hide-out, because Hilda was the perfect woman. Oh, he could pick 'em, Eddie could.

THE END

"I recommend these four liquors for the 4th"

AFE
LIQUORS
SED DEALER

"Grand Old Mr. Boston liquors are such a swell idea for a gay holiday, I'm making mine a 100% Old Mr. Boston 4th. Why not? I know liquors because I sell them. And, mister, for great flavor and top quality, Old Mr. Boston is THE spirit of America. Buy ALL four — for the 4th."

DRY GIN The smoothest, most delicious gin you ever wrapped your tongue around. Such swell flavor you can drink it STRAIGHT. Crystal clear because it is filtered through milk filters. Real 90 proof, 100% distilled gin, yet low in price.

NECTAR LIQUEURS Gorgeous true-fruit type liquors that simply delight ladies (and gentlemen). Glorious in highballs, and a grand STRAIGHT liquor drink, too. Apricot. Blackberry. Cherry. Peach. All great.

SLOE GIN "The grandest sloe gin in America" say hosts of users. Makes a beautiful, refreshing sloe gin fizz — completely thirst quenching on sultry days. Real natural ruby color. Simple recipe with every bottle. True, keen flavor of genuine Irish Sloe Berries. Delicious.

WHISKEY STRAIGHT whiskey — grand, swell-tasting, honest bourbon that will make you wonder how such glorious whiskey can be sold at such a pleasant price. A smooth, straight drink and great for highballs.

. AMERICA'S
VORITE LIQUORS
R AMERICA'S
VORITE HOLIDAY

OLD MR. BOSTON

SOLD BY OVER 15,000 PACKAGE & STATE LIQUOR STORES

THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD FIVE TIMES

Genaten took the place made ready for him. After a little his lids drooped, his e

READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

AS Thaddeus Michael Shea tells it, he was born in 1865, had a harum-scarum boyhood, and at twenty-four became assistant to a magician, thereby picking up the tricks and discovering in himself the hypnotic powers that were to make possible his adventures as a god. He was twenty-seven when he had his first one among the Lalos of Burma. His "twin god," a fellow Irishman, grew murderous and Shea was forced to kill him. Escaping from the jungle with a sackful of jewels, Shea luxuriated in India for two years.

Such was the opening episode of this man's amazing story. Its recorder, Mr. Bedford-Jones, believes but cannot undertake to prove it. Liberty can endorse none of Shea's statements.

In these pages the impressive relics and photographs that he offers as corroborations are reproduced pictorially and certain confirming facts are noted. Beyond this, Shea is speaking for himself.

His second adventure resulted from his accompanying Vanderdonck, a burly giant of a Dutch scientist, and his wife on an expedition into Borneo. The couple took along as madame's maid a native girl, Leila. At the behest of both of them Shea devoted himself to Leila and won her heart, as she did his. On the way up the Sambas River she took charge of the party, communicating with her people, the head-hunting Dyaks, by beating a brass gong. One midnight a cry woke Shea, who found her struggling in Vanderdonck's arms. The giant dealt him a crushing blow and served madame like-

A False Prophet of Allah Deals Death and a Female Potentate Turns Fiendish . . . More Thrills in an Irishman's Bizarre Tale of Adventure

Recorded by

H. BEDFORD-JONES

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER M. BAUMHOFER

dulled. The cloth fell away from his lips. His head sank forward. He was dead.

wise. Immediately both of the Vanderdoncks disappeared.

Later in the night Shea woke again to find the camp surrounded by savage head-hunters. Before it lay madame's body, headless, with a sacred knife driven through it. Leila convinced the head-hunters that Shea was a god; to him she professed ignorance of madame's death and of Vanderdonck's present whereabouts. After three months as the Dyaks' god and Leila's lover, Shea learned that there was a white man imprisoned in the forest and hurried to the place of imprisonment—to find Vanderdonck tied by the wrists, his hands now mere stumps, and Leila tormenting him with the smoked, shrunken head of madame, while a shaman squatted by a fire.

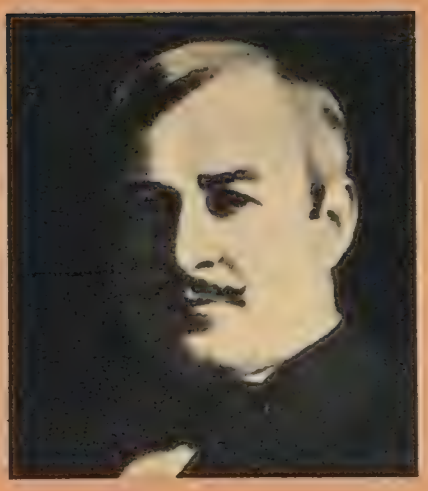
Vanderdonck kicked out and felled Leila. "A cry broke from the shaman," Shea says, "and catching up a whip he leaped forward."

PART THREE—BLACK ARTS IN THE SAHARA

THEN my horror-bound brain awoke, my muscles reacted. My bullet took that devil priest through the head.

I cut Vanderdonck loose. He merely sank down and with those frightful paws began to caress the little shrunk head, in which eyes of shell, hideously lifelike, had been set. He was quite sane, however. I was at first violently sick. When I recovered, he was talking to me, babbling of the months he had been here. I sat absorbed in my own thoughts and scarcely heard him.

Leila was unconscious but not particularly injured. Over me came a terrible revulsion to everything here—to her, to my position, to all I was and had been. The ghastly justice of the punishment she had brought upon



Above: Thaddeus M. Shea as he looked in 1915. At left: Two pages of the book which Shea said was given to him by the Grand Senusi after he embraced the Mohammedan religion. Shea told the author that the three years he spent as a Senusi were the happiest of his life.

Vanderdonck was lost to my sight. I could only see her with civilized eyes, with the memory of that dear dead woman in my mind. With a rush of emotion I came to my feet.

"Come along," I said, and Vanderdonck submissively obeyed. The spirit had been crushed and broken in him.

With morning we were well on our way out of the district. My mind was made up. It did not change. I had a fierce determination to get out of here—regain civilization and forget this whole unspeakable thing. We fled like madmen, the two of us.

Luckily for me, Vanderdonck lived to reach the Sambas River and a Dutch outpost and make a statement. Luckily, I say, for when I got down to the town of Sambas the resident was in the notion of preferring charges against me of having murdered Vanderdonck and his wife. This was soon forgotten. I had the little head of Mme. Vanderdonck with me. Before he died I had promised him to take the head for Christian burial. The resident photographed it before the ceremony. What folly—Christian burial for a fragment of shrunken clay! The real burial of Mme. Vanderdonck lay in the heart and soul of her dead husband.

As for me, I took my ill-gotten gold dust and diamonds and fled out of that part of the world forever. I had had my fill of savages! I took with me, however, the slim knife with the jade handle—the sacred knife of those Dyak people. I still have it.

After leaving Borneo and those parts, as I have already told, I went back to India. I had loot enough to last any sane man his lifetime; but I was not sane. My delvings in magic and hypnotism and such things, my ability to impose on people, my two experiences of being an actual god, had got into my blood and warped me. It was on my thirtieth birthday that I landed once more in Bombay.

The mystery, the glamour, the awful filth, the magic of India had always gripped me, but now I could not remain here. The devils were after me. It was in Bombay I had met the Vanderdoncks, and I was frightfully shaken by that horrible time in Borneo. I wanted to forget. And, would you believe, I meant to make a man of myself. I did that. I resolved to give up my sham and pretense, my trickery, everything. So I left India behind me and headed for Egypt, to see more of the world.

While I had a leaning toward Buddhism and the like, certain Moslems of my acquaintance had deeply impressed me with their faith. It is a wonderful faith. A good Moslem actually lives his religion; it is probably more real in the world than any other.* Well, on that ship that took me to Alexandria was a wonderful man, the Grand Sharif of all Morocco—that is, the chief descendant of Mohammed in those parts. He still lives in Fez, a sad, grim man; for during the war his whole family were submarined while making the Mecca pilgrimage.

He took a liking to me. He gave me a letter to a man in Cairo who belonged to the Senusi brotherhood; let me call him Ali Bey, which was not his name. God rest him, he was killed in a riot, and a learned man he was. Upon reaching Cairo I looked him up, still being minded to mend my ways. And Ali Bey taught me the meaning of Islam.

LIKE most religions, this one has simple doctrines for the common herd, and deeper secret teachings for educated folk. There is more to it than meets the eye. At Ali Bey's house I several times saw young Stein, a fine upstanding lad who belonged to the Senusi.

I must explain the Senusi in order to explain myself. It was a fraternity of Moslems with headquarters at Cufra, deep in the Libyan Desert. A network of their monasteries had spread over the whole Moslem world. They controlled some trade routes and had power. Wild fantastic tales were told of the Senusi in those days, for the French and English were afraid of them. Their only aim, however, was to preach the pure ancient faith of Mohammed and to regenerate the world by holy living and piety.

To cut a long story short, I became a convert and joined the Senusi. For three years I traveled about northern Africa, and was finally promoted to be a missionary among the Central African blacks. Those were the three best years of my life, though I did not realize it until too late. As Abdallah ibn Yusuf, my name as a convert, I was an honest man, doing good work, with all sham and imposture behind me forever, as I thought.

In 1899, when I was thirty-four, the old Sheik Senusi—the Grand Senusi, as he was often called—got into real trouble with the French, who were encroaching upon what the Senusi considered their own territories in Central Africa. At this time the English and French

* Liberty endorses none of Mr. Shea's statements, be it understood.

were grabbing their vast colonial empires. War followed shortly and sharply, causing the ultimate death of the sheik from a broken heart.

In that year, while I was acting as a missionary in the Lake Chad district, the French caught me and clapped me into jail as an agitator. They thought me a real Arab. This was in the filthy mud town of N'dele, whose black sultan they had just taken under their protection.

I had already determined to turn my back on Islam and the Senusi. My religious fervor had worn thin.

Three weeks I sweated in this stinking red-hot jail. Then, one night, a drunken black man was shoved into my cell. As soon as we were alone he sat up and, to my surprise, called me by name. He had bribed a guard to shut him up overnight.

"Abdallah ibn Yusuf," he said humbly, "I have come with a message for you from the Lady Taggar of Khanem."

"Khanem!" I muttered, having heard of the place.

It was one of the independent remote semisecret cities at that time scattered from the equator up to Tripoli, an oasis in the lower Sahara from whose territory all outsiders were fanatically barred.

"Long ago," this black man told me, "the Grand Senusi promised that at a certain time he would send the Mahdi to appear in Khanem. The time promised is at hand, but no word has come. The Lady Taggar desires that you, who are known to be a *mokkadim* of the Senusi, should consult with her. If you agree, I will arrange to take you from here the third night after this."

I FELL into troubled surging thought.

Moslems everywhere were looking for the Mahdi, the promised messiah who would conquer the world. The famous Mahdi of the Sudan had claimed to be the one, although the old Sheik Senusi never acknowledged him; and a year before this, in 1898, Kitchener had stamped him flat and destroyed his empire. Many a false Mahdi had arisen in the past thousand years, as many another would arise; the temptation to imposture was great and keen. I wondered why the Grand Senusi had promised to send the real Mahdi to Khanem at a certain time. It looked queer; for the old sheik was a real saint and no liar.

Three nights later a hole was scratched in the mud wall of the jail. Outside the town were waiting two fine mehari (racing camels). With me the black emissary rode to the north.

Khanem, which commanded one branch of the trans-Saharan caravan routes and the important salt trade, was a large town among rocky outcrops. Its chain of half a dozen oases had a fairly large population. Its people belonged to the Tuwarik.

These people drew down blackmail from caravans and raided into the

Why do men in the Tropics look old at forty?

GREEK gods at twenty-five, old men at forty. That's the penalty of living down near the equator.

"Why is it that people who live in the tropics show the wrinkles and lines of old age in the very prime of life?" asked Edwin C. Hill with his insatiable curiosity.

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You see, Barbasol doesn't dry out the skin. It's so soothing that thousands use it to relieve windburn and chapping.

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Sudan and far to the south and west; but the gradual French advances were threatening their power. So much the black told me on the way, and that the Lady Taggar ruled them. To tell the truth, my chief purpose in coming with him was to be on my way to Cairo and to shake off Islam forever.

We got into that rocky savage-looking place late one afternoon, after passing the thousands of date palms watered by canals. Upon a craggy rock in the center of the town was the palace. We were met at the gates by a noble, who took me in charge and led me straight to the presence of the woman ruler. Like all Tuwarik, these people were divided into nobles, serfs, crossbreeds, and slaves, the latter being blacks, while the nobles were of pure Berber or white origin.

I had glimpses of astonishing luxury in passing through the palace, and was at last ushered into a room soft with rugs and pillows. Two Sudanese slaves brought me water and food. Then they vanished, and the Lady Taggar appeared. There were no greetings or salutations. We eyed each other like two dogs awaiting the first snarl. Lady? Woman at least. Probably fifty years old, straight and sinewy as a man, garbed as a man, with a severe and frigid countenance like carven granite, this woman was fitted to rule a barbaric race of fighters.

Then I spoke abruptly. A startling thought had come to me, and I knew it came from her brain.

"Well, perhaps we shall agree, woman. What is it you wish?"

She started. Anger leaped in her eyes; my deliberately insolent words astonished her.

"Strange things are said of you, Abdallah ibn Yusuf. Do you indeed read minds?"

"That is my affair," I said harshly. "Speak plainly. I can give what you desire."

"You?" she said in scorn. "You whom my slave drew from a French jail?"

"Precisely—since that was the will of Allah. The thing was ordained."

Her gray eyes glittered. "Change your tone, Senusi jackal! I can have you killed."

"Not you," I said, and laughed in her face. "Once more, speak plainly!"

She breathed hard for a moment. "If the Mahdi comes—" she said, and stopped.

"How do you know," I asked slowly, holding her eyes, "that he is not here?"

For another ten minutes we sparred in this manner. Then I had what was in her mind, and the reason. Her chief noble, Genaten, was undermining her authority with intent to seize it himself. She was desperate enough to set up a false Mahdi; in short, she proposed to create one.

TWENTY years ago she had gone to the Grand Senusi, seeking to have a son by him. I could well imagine the horror of saintly old Sheik Ahmed at such a proposal! He had put her off with soft words, promising to send her the real Mahdi within twenty years. This was the twentieth year. He had no doubt forgotten about it, but not she. That woman was capable of anything.

"But Genaten would never believe in you," she said. "He would kill you."

"I could slay your Genaten by merely looking at him," I told her. "Now leave me, woman. In an hour return and get my answer."

She went away. The evening was coming on and it was bitter cold. Two slaves brought in a brazier of charcoal. I sat by it and wrestled with myself, struggling with an overpowering temptation. The mad desire, the frantic craving to become the Mahdi and god of these people was irresistible—and out of it gaining wealth to boot. I could guess there was plenty here to be gained.

This moment was the turning point of my life. I had become satiated with honest living, with sincere religion. I scorned the simplicity, the drear prospect of it. I itched to feel myself mastering the minds of an entire people. In these years I had learned much; I could do things that before I had never dreamed of doing. Now, if I cast all scruples overboard, there was no limit to what I might attain. As for religion, I believed in nothing and admitted the fact to myself frankly.

When the Lady Taggar returned, she read the decision in my eyes, and a fierce joy lit up her stony face.

"I must have a free hand," I said briefly.

"When you have killed Genaten with a look," she answered, "Khanem is in your grip."

I had already considered this. Yes, I was ready to commit murder, if it would gain my ends! Then and for long afterward I paused at nothing.

"Give out word," I told the Lady Taggar, "that the *mokkadim* of the Senusi has come and gone, leaving a message from the Grand Senusi that at daylight the Mahdi will appear in this room."

"Are my people fools?" she said angrily. "They know you have not gone. And they will know you again, Abdallah ibn Yusuf."

"Do as I say," was my response. "Dress a slave in my garments and send him forth a free man, so that he will return no more. Your people will take him for me. Then send me one of your people who can be trusted and who will provide everything that I need."

"I can trust no one," she said, "except an Abyssinian slave of mine. And what of Genaten?"

"Let him be the first to interview me in the morning."

THE Abyssinian came. She was a girl slave named Filowa, and, far from the Negroid type I expected, having fine straight features, an intelligent eye, and a graceful bearing. Nor was her skin very dark. She fell to work at once, getting clay, charcoal, water, and the other materials I commanded; also certain garments, a razor, and other things for my personal use. Then I bade her begone, and fell to work, with the night before me. There were two windows in this room, and I had already noted the strong current of air between them. That was my sole magic.

When the Lady Taggar came into my chamber in the morning, she received a shock and no mistake. I was clad in green, the sacred color; my face and head were shaved to the quick; even my red eyebrows were gone. And I was certainly a different person.

She led me out on a balcony that overlooked most of the town. The Tuwarik were gathered in scores and hundreds. Yells went up at sight of me; muskets banged; and the excitement was tremendous. Then I hurried back to my chamber. This business of Genaten would be a gamble, and if I failed the prospect was unpleasant.

Here is what happened: Half an hour later Genaten and a crowd of nobles appeared, all very tall fine-looking men. I made them halt at the door, Genaten alone coming into the room, where the Lady Taggar and I were seated. He took the place made ready for him between the windows.

This Genaten was a splendid savage fellow, with eyes like a hawk and a keenly hostile brain. He was openly scornful of my pretensions, which I discussed freely, and of my theologic arguments, which were the stock arguments of Islam. I kept him interested, and that was the main thing—the old, old stock in trade of magicians: to hold the attention of the audience centered on anything but the main point.

After a little his lids drooped; his eyes dulled. The veil of cloth fell away from his nostrils and lips. His head sank forward. He was dead.

You can imagine the consternation, dismay, and awe which ensued. As a god I was practically established then and there—even with the Lady Taggar.

How was it done? Very simply. That brazier, stuffed with charcoal, had been built up with clay so that the whole output of carbon-monoxide gas, odorless and tasteless, shot straight athwart the person sitting in that seat. It had taken some nice figuring, and adjustment of the two window shutters—but it worked. At the cost of one human life, I had become a god. Those Tuwarik firmly believed in the evil eye from that day.

You are shocked? Well, I have promised to make an honest confession in this story. I am making it.

Yet, I paid a price for this decision made in the old stone palace of Khanem. In previous portions of this narrative I have related some of the miracles which I brought to pass—only one or two of them, lest I strain

your credulity too far. I have told of healing the sick and injured by a combination of the faith of those who sought me out and the innate power within me.

But from this day that power was lost to me. Hypnotism? I do not mean that. Yes, I still had my mental faculties and tricks and ability. But the greater power, the force which I myself never understood and which I might have carried to great heights, was no more.

Not that I knew or cared at the moment. Once again I was drunk with conquest, and I flung myself into the consolidation of my position as not only Mahdi but god among these Tuwarik. Everything that I had discarded returned to me: magic, hypnotism, trickery of all kinds. Not that I stood out on a hilltop performing sleight of hand. Far from it! My effects were deftly introduced, shrewdly planted. These desert folk were used to jugglers, dervishes, and miracles of fanaticism. I had to go beyond all that, far beyond it; and so I did, never stooping to mere mortal cunning but leading them on to the worship of an actual god.

The weeks flitted by and my fame spread abroad, but no one had time to waste on this far desolate oasis. The French were advancing into the Sahara from the south, smashing the various Negroid sultanates and empires of this region—Bornu, Wadai, and others—laying the foundations of their great Central African colonies. The Senusi were fighting the French desperately but vainly. I sent out carefully picked parties of Tuwarik raiders, who fell upon any one available, attacking French or Senusi alike. They brought home loot, and among it a French paymaster's treasure chest, which I very promptly impounded.

WEEKS grew into months. Inculcating strange and weird rites which delighted these semisavage people, I drew upon a fantastic imagination with freedom. It intoxicated me to be enthroned over them, with torches flaring and Sudanese drummers beating the night into throbbing vibrance. From austerity and real religion I reacted violently and went to the opposite extreme. During the celebration after the raiding parties came home, I ordered two of the young nobles to kill themselves.

They obeyed.

Two things threatened me. Week by week, month by month, the French advance came up from the south. Threats from the Senusi reached me. The old Sheik Senusi even sent an emissary to curse me. But I had that man killed, and displayed to the nobles the Book of Wahabi, with that inscription from the old sheik, written in better days. It was an ocular evidence of his friendship and backing, to the Tuwarik.

Then there was the Lady Taggar. Careful as I was not to interfere with her authority, much as we depended each upon the other, that stony crea-

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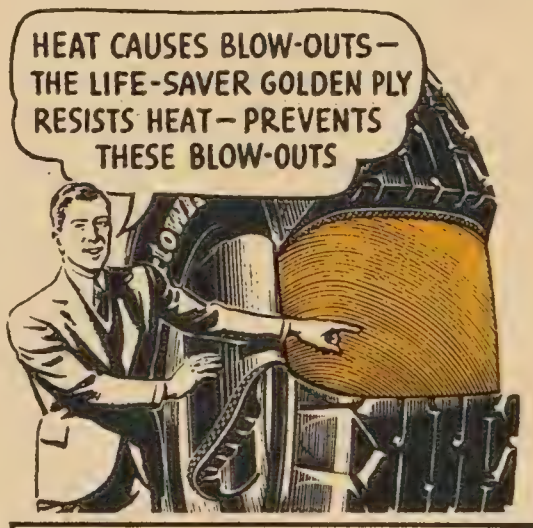

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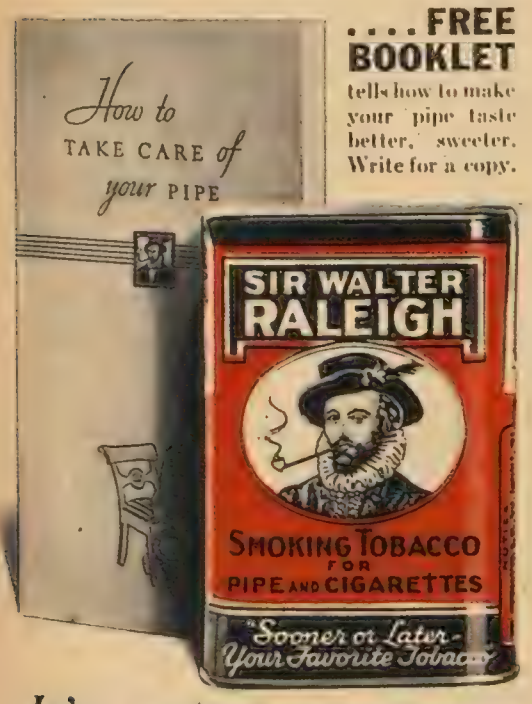

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ture feared me and hated me. Ridiculous as it may seem, she not only half believed in my powers but sought from me the same favor she had sought from Senusi twenty years before. Did I not say this woman was capable of anything? Well, I refused her request very bluntly, and this fanned her hatred to white heat. She believed that I was enamored of the Abyssinian girl Filowa, who had become my faithful servant.

This was not true. During my whole stay in Khanem I had nothing to do with any women. A greater delirium than passion held me fast gripped, and I was drunk with my own devil's brew. But I could trust Filowa, and her alone.

She had told me tales of her own country, strange stories that fired my brain. Remember, we were in Central Africa. Egypt lay far to the east across the Nubian Desert, and far beyond the Sudan lay Abyssinia. As to her stories, never mind; they were proven true later, as I shall relate. True or not, they lingered in my mind.

With Filowa I made plans to leave this place before it was too late. She was in love with one of the cross-bloods, a young warrior named Mzab. With their own interests at stake, I could depend upon them absolutely. Mzab knew the wells and water holes in the direction of Egypt. When the time came, he could always get mehari from the herd of the tribe. My money and other loot were smuggled out by Filowa and hidden in bags of dates. We settled on leaving within the next week.

THEN, one fine morning, the unexpected happened. The one thing I secretly dreaded—assassination.

I wakened, uneasily conscious of another presence in my room. Luckily, I made no movement, barely opened my lids. There, sitting five feet away, was a man with a big .45 in his hand, waiting for me to waken. At one glance I knew him for one of the Senusi. I did not recognize him any more than he did me, since I had kept my face and head shaven all this while, and he wore a silky bushy beard like a true Moslem. His presence here showed that some one had admitted him during the night. I knew it must have been the Lady Taggar.

Suddenly the man's head jerked up sharply and his eyes flew open. Then I knew him at once. It was Stein, the German—scarcely more than a boy at that time. I came to one elbow, and he covered me quickly.

"So you are the alleged divine Mahdi who rules Khanem?" he said. "Quiet! I have been sent to kill you. The Sheik Senusi demands your life, impostor, liar, and—"

"Good morning, my dear Stein, good morning!" I said in English. His jaw dropped and his eyes bulged. "You don't remember me without the red hair and beard?"

"You!" he exclaimed. "You! And I never suspected it—"

"Probably not. Don't try to tell me the old sheik sent you to murder me. He isn't in that business. It was some of the others around him, eh?"

Stein nodded, his eyes wide upon me. "Yes. And I've no alternative. The fraternity has sworn to remove you—"

"All right, all right," I cut in. "And the Lady Taggar gave you a hand, eh? So much the worse for her! By the way, I have you covered; I could have shot you from under my blanket at any time. It would do you no good to kill me, for I'd certainly kill you at the same time. It would be far more to your advantage to remain here and bring this place under the Senusi authority. I'll manage that, if you'll talk business."

FOR all his youth, Stein was one of the sharpest fellows alive. In the turn of a hand he made his decision and put up his revolver. I brought mine into sight and laid it aside.

"You came in with a caravan last night? From where?"

"The west," he said, and his fine features shadowed. "Bir Allali, the impregnable stronghold that held our trade with the Chad country, has been smashed and stormed by the French. We're done for in all that region. It will kill the old sheik."

It did, too, ultimately; the old Senusi literally died of grief in the next year.

Without revealing my own plans, I told Stein that I was clearing out at once and would arrange to leave him in charge here. A splendid stroke for him it was, too. He had in his caravan some wreckage of the Senusi force and some women of the Diaraba sisterhood. You never heard of them? We will come to that in a minute or two. Remember, the people of the Sahara do not regard sex with our eyes.

Stein listened to all I said, and assented. He went off to tell the Lady Taggar that he would kill me during the coming night. I got hold of Filowa and arranged with her to get off with Mzab and the camels that night. They would meet me at midnight at the Wadi Bir, a small well and oasis ten miles to the east of Khanem.

Stein told the stone-faced Taggar a good healthy lie and all was well. I flattered myself that she suspected nothing.

That night the market square of the town, near the low stone walls of the mosque, was the scene of a feast and dance, at which the caravan folk assisted. For the last time I occupied my throne, a curtained seat on a high bit of rock whence I could come or go unseen. As I could no longer be certain of my guards, half a dozen of the nobles, I kept them at a distance. Stein had arranged to leave a saddled horse for me at one end of the caravan line, on the edge of town.

The Tuwarik provided a number of Sudanese drummers; they and the Senusi stood looking on while the women of the Diaraba danced.

The dance began very slowly, each of the women holding a palm frond and waving it in time with the rhythmic music of the drums. Very gradually the tempo quickened. To a European eye the dancing was no more than a shuffle of cloaked bodies; to the desert men it was provocative.

Faster and faster hammered the tom-toms and the shuffling feet kept time until the maze of figures was in rapid motion and the shouting eager watchers could keep still no longer. Half a dozen of them broke into the throng of dancers and caught up a woman. The flickering torches, the radiance of the new-risen moon, held everything in refulgent light. When the first batch of dancers were exhausted, others took their places. As there were nearly forty of the sisterhood in this party, the dance promised to keep going all night. I slipped away unseen and unremarked.

When I reached the spot Stein had designated, I found him waiting. He had a saddled horse for me, and a rifle. I had my own revolver.

"Do you know that the Lady Taggar rode away with several Tuwarik nobles about an hour ago?" he asked.

"No," I said uneasily. "In which direction?"

"South. She said some camels had strayed."

"So much the better," I said, and mounted. "The town is in your hands. That is, if you can hold it for the Senusi."

"Trust me," he said grimly; and, as I later learned, he was to be trusted. Two minutes later I was riding away.

Off to the east of Khanem, where the Wadi Bir was located, there was little sand. Everything in this direction for many miles was a vast waste of gravel and rock, easy for horses to cover but terrible to the tender feet of camels. The Wadi Bir itself was merely a depression among fantastic rock shapes, with a small well.

I headed for the spot, unhurried and not regretting my abandoned divinity. It was high time to get out before things grew too hot. When I came to a sandy stretch, however, I was suddenly aware of tracks there, where horses had plowed their way but a short time before.

The well lay perhaps a quarter mile distant, when a chorus of fierce sharp yells reached me, followed by one long, shuddering scream that chilled my blood. I drew rein. What it meant I could guess, with abrupt dismay and horror—yet go on I must. No horse could cross these deserts. I had no escape, no way out, except by getting to the waiting camels.

Then and there I abandoned the horse and, rifle in hand, went forward.

In the brilliant silver radiance of the moon I crept up upon the depression. Off to one side were hobbled three mehari, saddled, waterskins filled and light loads in place. Near by were five horses, and I recognized the white stallion which the Lady Taggar always rode.

Then, to my frenzied eyes, the well disclosed its secret.

Four of the nobles were there, and Taggar. Of Mzab I saw nothing. That stony-faced fiend stood in the moonlight, laughing, knife in hand. And pegged out on the sandy gravel at her feet was the naked figure of the girl Filowa, sobbing, streaked with blood.

"So Mzab was your lover after all?" cried the woman. "Allah upon you! Not content with stealing the heart of the lord El Mahdi, you thought to fly with this rogue Mzab! And did El Mahdi know of it?"

"No," moaned out the girl. "No, no! El Mahdi—save me, save me!"

So the truth was not known. This girl, who might have saved herself by speaking, had held her peace.

A fierce wild cry burst from the Lady Taggar. She stooped and her knife flashed in the moonlight.

A fiend in very truth! Could "the Mahdi" Shea save poor Filowa from her vengeance? Let him tell you in next week's installment, and tell you the tale, "a wild tale and a bad one," as he ruefully confesses, of his romance with the divine Zara, princess of Abyssinia, who led him to the treasure of her ancestor King Solomon—a treasure with a horrid curse on it!

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 45

1—Literally translated, mahatma means great soul; wise.

2—Injunction.

3—Baseball.

4—Manner, bearing, air, carriage, behavior, demeanor.

5—Twenty-one. The Twenty-second has been passed but not yet ratified.

6—Mrs. Allan J. Smith.

7—Real property is real estate. Personal property consists in general of things temporary or movable: chattels.

8—Val-et.

9—The bride.

10—Usher first, lady second, gentleman third.

11—Only to cool it.

12—The Foreign Service of the United States.

13—From the official mark stamped on articles of gold and silver by the Goldsmiths' Hall, London, to indicate their purity.

14—Albania.

15—Broadly speaking, one who agrees to become responsible for the debt, default, or misconduct of another; a guarantor.

16—The northern part of Pomorze Province, Poland, between Pomerania and East Prussia, to Danzig and the Baltic.

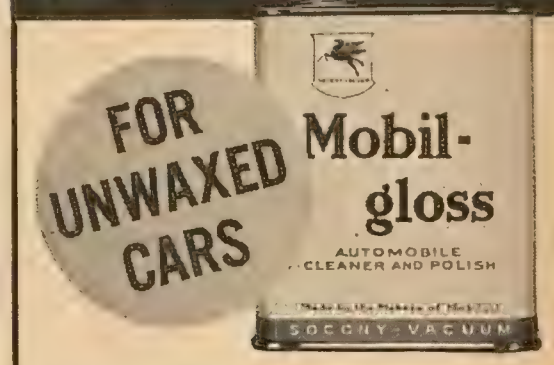
17—Neither. It is the prepared outside membrane of the large intestine of the ox, used for separating the leaves of metal in goldbeating.

18—An American author and humorist (Mr. Dooley).

19—Czechoslovakia, October 18, 1918.

20—In 1934 the consumption was 15,314,511,000 gallons: 89 per cent of the total consumption of the country.

HERE'S HOW CARS KEEP Smart



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Vox Pop

"BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER"

OATMAN, ARIZ.—Rod MacDonald (in May 18 Vox Pop), with his criticism of Mother's Day being sentimental and commercialized hokum, gives me a pain in the neck.

Granting that Mother's Day has been somewhat commercialized, the gesture

conveys a most beautiful sentiment and should be held the most sacred day on the calendar, with the exception possibly of Christmas Day.—*H. R. Woods.*

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Probably some large bird once upon a time laid an egg and the sun hatched something that is now called Rod MacDonald.—*Homo.*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Listen, sour puss, Mother's Day was started for just such thoughtless men as you.—*Irene B. Moses.*

IOWA CITY, IA.—Permit me to exhale a lungful of gas. Vox Pop of May 18 is really interesting. Rod MacDonald's comments on the silly morbid Mother's Day bunk has my endorsement.—*Debunked.*

[Among others who took issue or agreed with Rod MacDonald were: Edward Clough, Wilmington, Del.; Wm. Billy Rosenbaum, Los Angeles, Calif.; Chloe Ellen Roby, Winter Haven, Fla.; Virginia Grubb, South Charleston, W. Va.; Mrs. T. J., Jax, Fla.; Mrs. R. Patten, Albuquerque, N. M.; Milt D. Campbell, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Fair, Milford, Utah; Aubrey B. Hunt, Havre, Mont.; E. Leger, South Attleboro, Vt.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

PERNICIOUS SYSTEM

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—A profoundly interesting and incontrovertible fact:

It is not the fear of what Congress or the administration may do that keeps the wheels of industry from turning.

It is the fact that there are twenty-two billions of idle money in the banks and that those who own and control this vast treasure will not release it until they are assured that they can continue a pernicious system which has made the richest country in the world a land of seven per cent prices and ninety-three per cent paupers.—*Nelson Grady Welburn.*

WAR . . . MURDER . . . GLAMOUR

EAST CLEVELAND, OHIO—I have just finished reading the letter from Carrie W. Miller in May 25 Vox Pop. She should talk about an asbestos pencil—my fingers are still burning. She wants *us* to be taught that war, murder, destruction, etc., is glory and glamour. We should be torn by shell, pierced by bayonets, have our lungs burnt by gas, and be crippled for life just to satisfy somebody's imaginary ego for a piece of dirt populated and managed by egotistical greedy money grabbers.

I suggest that she study the latest Nye report and find that we entered the World War to protect the money of Morgan, the National City Bank, and a few others.—*Twenty-two-Year-Old Cannon Fodder.*

NUDIST . . . BEAR

MELROSE, MINN.—Any one who joins a nudist colony does so for the same reason that the bear went over the mountain.—*Pantywaist.*

CONSTITUTION IMPROVED?

NESS CITY, KAN.—As long as government is by racketeering—or two governments, one overthrowing the other every few years—there can be no government and law is a dead letter. The people have had organized government for ages, but still the people do not understand government. The Constitution was framed by ordinary human beings who believed in racketeering. The Constitution is not so correct or just as so many have the concept. The Constitution could be improved a whole lot.—*W. E. Ruff.*

MONKEYS DISSATISFIED

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—In His Excellency's radio address of Tuesday night, May 7, Governor Eugene Talmadge of Georgia criticized the federal government for spending the taxpayers' money in constructing what he called monkey cages in Atlanta and elsewhere over the country.

Now, are we to understand that it was he or the other monkeys in this cage that were dissatisfied?—*H. A. Cheek.*

A NEW PSYCHIC AGE

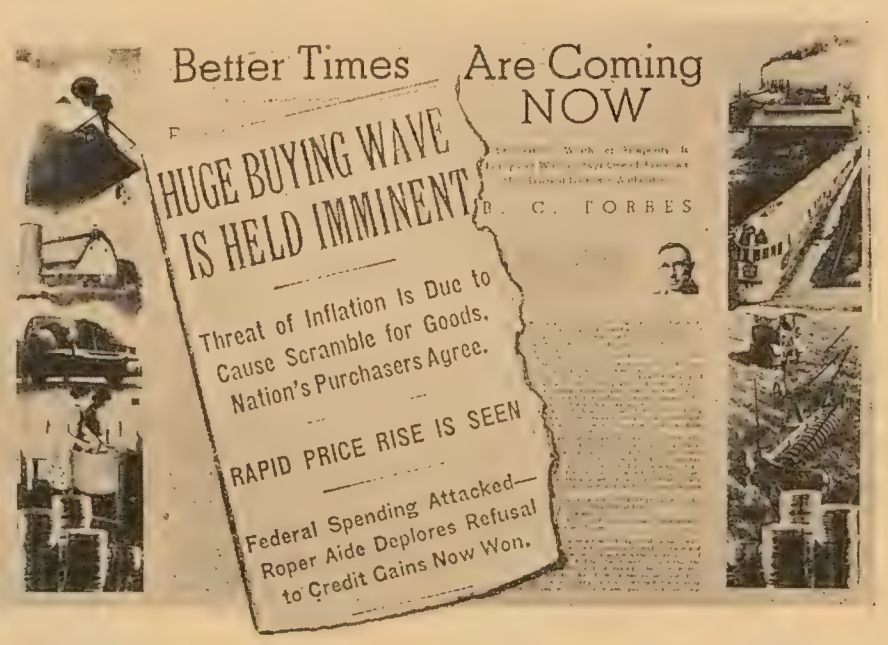
CANON CITY, COLO.—I have read with very great interest in Liberty of May 11, Can We Mortals See Without Eyes? I happen to belong to that group of psychologists who have been experimenting along these lines for years without publishing the results. I fully agree with the conclusions reached by those mentioned in the article.

Some years ago, while living in Japan, I had a clean-cut "apparition" of my father merging from what seemed to be a dark cloud. I was sure something unusual had happened. When the facts reached me by mail, I figured the difference in time between Japan and the zone in which he died in the United States.

Results: the "contact" was made in Japan about fifteen minutes after he was pronounced dead.

This is the experience of a hard-headed teacher of psychology, one who has "kept his head" in spite of the fact that he has spent much time exposing frauds on three continents.

As to telepathy and clairvoyance, I have in my office unpublished records of experiments so convincing that fair-minded people admit the principle involved, though they stagger at and doubt some of the results. Truly we are living in a new age.—*E. R. Fulkerson.*


Better Times Are Coming NOW
HUGE BUYING WAVE IS HELD IMMINENT
B. C. FORBES
Threat of Inflation Is Due to Cause Scramble for Goods, Nation's Purchasers Agree.
RAPID PRICE RISE IS SEEN
Federal Spending Attacked—Roper Aide Deplores Refusal to Credit Gains Now Won.

"Scoop!" cries a Vox Popper. "Liberty (April 20) predicted buying wave a month before N. Y. Times (May 21)."

WOULD BE HONEYS

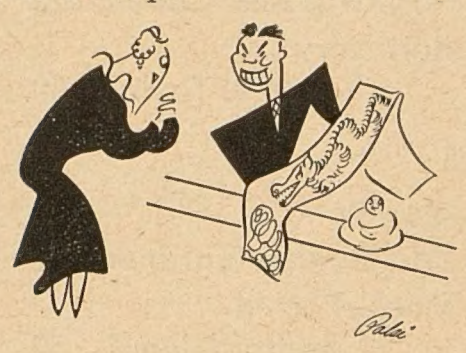
VANCOUVER, WASH.—I second Lee Zachary's suggestion, Horn Blower for President (April 27 Vox Pop), and add a suggestion that the Congress of the United States be made up of that vast army in Washington representing business of all kinds, veterans' organizations, labor unions, farmers, and what have you.

Their salaries and expenses being already paid, of course we could save the government that much—and

wouldn't the laws they would turn out be honeys?—*E. O. Hyland.*

PROSPERITY "MADE IN JAPAN"

KALAMAZOO, MICH. — Prosperity is not just around the corner—prosperity is over in Japan. There is no unem-



ployment in Japan and no relief problem. Why? Because we Americans are buying everything under the sun from Japan.

A number of years ago most merchandise was stamped, "Made in Germany." Then it switched to Czechoslovakia. Now for the past seven or ten years everything is stamped "Made in Japan." Our textile mills are shut down because our raw cotton is shipped to Japan and manufactured into yard goods, gloves, and other cotton goods, and then it is shipped back to our country and sold over the counters in every state in the Union!—*Mae Morgan.*

HAIRCUTS . . . 14½ COLLARS

PITTSBURGH, PA.—For the enlightenment of one C. A. Culbert, Vox Popper in May 25 Liberty, I would like to state that there are plenty of red-blooded hemen who wear size 14½ collars. Also there are lots of horses' necks who wear 15½ and 16 collars.—*Mrs. Al Eltringham.*

KALAMAZOO, MICH.--Mrs. O. Krohn says she cuts her husband's hair in seven minutes. I would like to know how much hair he has.—*D. X. Y.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y. — C. A. Culbert's answer to Princess Alexandra about husbands letting their wives cut their hair is very insulting. He shouldn't judge everybody by himself.—*J. Galton.*

OUT OF THE KITCHEN?

ST. LOUIS, MO.—In Liberty of May 4, 1935, Nina Wilcox Putnam Eliot says her twenty-years-junior husband "traveled eight thousand miles just to find out if" she was happy. In the same issue of Liberty her young husband says he "washed dishes in South American cargo boats for a year."

When young Mr. Eliot traveled eight thousand miles to find out if a lady twenty years his senior was happy, did he travel in the ship's kitchen, washing dishes? And did his marrying the lady take him out of the kitchen and put him on Easy Street financially? When a moneyless young man marries a rich woman the presumption is he marries her for her money. If Mr. Eliot did not better himself financially by marrying a woman twenty years his senior, Mrs. Eliot ought to say so. For in that case some may believe he is that rare thing —a young man who can really love an older woman.—*Lee Meriwether.*

PATRIOTISM . . . PARASITES

CENTEREACH, N. Y.—I have just finished reading the editorial in Liberty of May 25, and hasten to express my appreciation.

We do stand idle while political parasites dictate our destiny. We do stand by while political parasites rule us under oxcart governments. Are we going to do anything about it? Yes!

We are going to abolish most of the ancient laws under which we now live and substitute in their stead methods under which we can live.

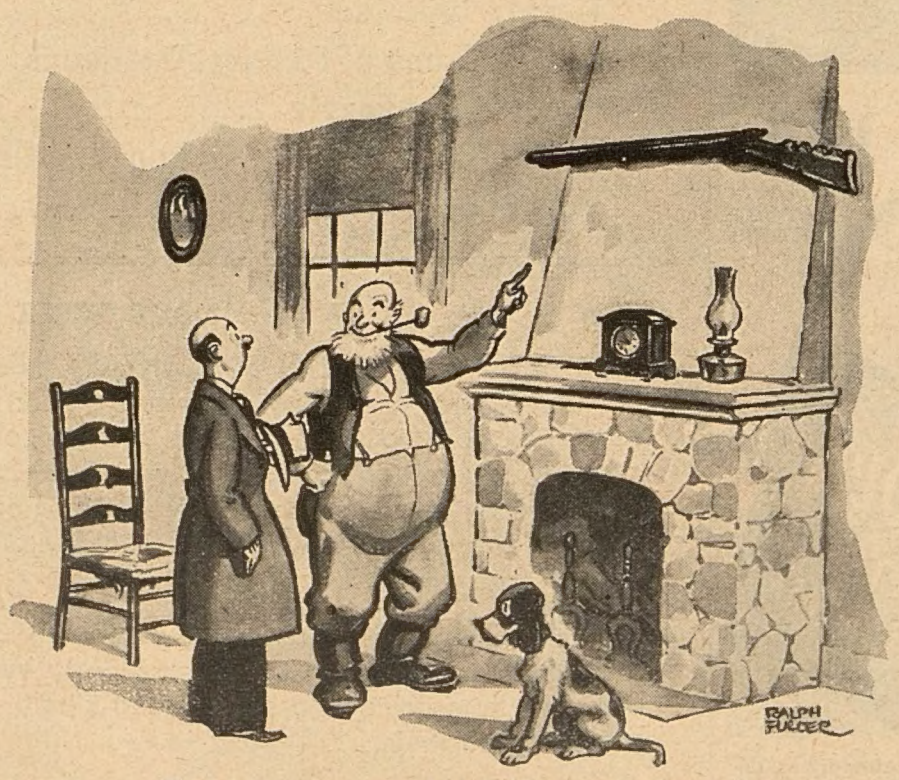
Write another editorial on what we should do, and how we should go about it. We can surmount the political ring. —*B. Campbell.*

MORGANTOWN, W. VA.—I have read the editorial, Patriotism—Is It Gradually Dying? with tears in my eyes. We need more of this. Keep after 'em.—*W. F. Naret.*

LIBERTY WITHOUT VOX POP?

PORTLAND, ORE.—If letters in Vox Pop are "inane utterances," as Hal Middleton would have us believe, then his (May 18) is the most "inane" of them all—his suggestion that Vox Pop be suspended for a month.

Can you imagine a whole month of Liberty without Vox Pop? I can't.—*Katherine Spiess.*



"Yep, every notch in thet gun means a daughter married off!"

WOMEN WEARY . . . RASPBERRIES

AMARILLO, TEX.—Since at least half of your readers are women, haven't we a right to expect more consideration than one or two pages especially for us? We have grown so weary of hell devils, sword brandishers, and spattering bullets, our patience is ended.

We don't want to be knockers and faultfinders, but are asking you to give us a break and play fair with us.—*Mrs. J. Hunter.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—The time has come when we must break up our old friendship. I blush too easily to be seen in public with such a feminine publication as April 27 Liberty was. The young lady sitting next to me in the streetcar actually handed me a silent version of the raspberries when she saw what I was reading.—*Male Reader.*

COWBOY IN CHICAGO

MISSOULA, MONT.—Harold E. Neal (May 18 Vox Pop) makes me sick talk-

ing about the inhospitable and chiseling West.

Last fall I escorted a trainload of steers to Chicago, and while there I looked over that wonderful (?) city where they soaked me four dollars for one night in a hotel (I'd sell my place here for a dollar more).

The only friendly guy I met was an insurance salesman who tried to sell me a policy. The people looked at me like I was a freak from Mars.

To top it off, the friendly people of Chicago tapped me on the head with a blackjack the second night I was there, and took my forty-two dollars, a watch, pistol, and a pack of smokes.—*Cowpoke.*

NATIONAL DEBT? SEND-A-DIME

FORT WORTH, TEX. — Several times I have been asked my views regarding the send-a-dime chain-letter fad. My answer is: I think President Roosevelt should have started it, using a dozen names instead of five. Then, "the chain not broken," he would receive enough dimes to pay our national debt, give all the poor $10,000 each, and have enough left to kill the depression. Why didn't he think of it? —*W. E. Ralstin.*

10¢
AT ALL STORES

★ Shinola White Cleaner dries quickly. After drying, the shoe should be rubbed or brushed. Shinola cleans and whitens; removes all stains and will not discolor shoes.

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★ ★ ★ **NEXT WEEK** ★ ★ ★

BEGINNING—**PUBLIC SWEETHEART NUMBER ONE** by **Dora Macy**—The roles she so vividly portrayed to bring her fame and fortune in a world of artificiality were in deep contrast to this star's part in life's real drama. Here is the lively, living story of a woman's untiring search for happiness in a chaotic world of frustration and bewilderment. Beneath its powerful charm and vital sensitiveness lies the bitter sting of truth.

THE DOG, THE FROG, AND THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER by **William J. Neidig**—A tale of the early West, a drunken father, his motherless son, and a shrewd and kindly wanderer who knew boys and loved them.

Other stories and articles by Carl Clausen, Bert Green, Abraham Faber, Rupert Hughes

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To show you how much I think of Dansville I am bringing my mother on from California for a three months stay. I am so anxious that she should have the advantages of your institution, as she has been everywhere and continues to be more or less of an invalid with arthritis. I know she can be cured at Dansville. With gratitude for my wonderful experience there. Sincerely, **Adela Rogers St. Johns.**

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Please send me full information including moderate rate schedule.

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CARL HUBBELL, of the N.Y. Giants, likes Camel's mildness

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